National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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BY THE

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Pro-Slavery.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

From The New York Evangelist.

No institution in our country, planted on a general, catholic basis, is doing a better work for Evangelical Christianity, or is more steadily advancing in usefulness and prosperity, than the American Tract Society. Its publications are thoroughly evangelical, and are, at least, equal in value to those of any similar Society in any country. Its tracts and volumes are circulated throughout our land, in many languages, by an admirable system of colportage, which has called forth the eulogies and stimulated the zeal of our transatlantic brethren. * * * In many forms they have spoken against all the evils embraced in the system of slavery, and condemned the sin which this system entails. * * *

In saying this, we do not imply an unqualified commendation. Some of the incidental alterations made, in past years, in standard works, we should not unreservedly approve. But we apprehend that on this point the Society will not be exposed to further criticism; and that those who condemned them most warmly are not disposed to renew their accusations.

But a new subject of difficulty and complaint has arisen, agitated for several years, and now assuming a more definite expression. It is the course of the Society in respect to American slavery. It is alleged that it has failed to express any condemnation of this system and its evils; that it has mutilated books so as to suppress their testimony against slavery; and, worst of all, that, though charged with these grave offences, neither the Secretaries nor the Committee can be made to say anything about the matter, one way or another. This reserve on the one side, contrasted with the vehemence of the attack on the other, is certainly a rare spectacle in these controversial days.

The responsibility of the Society as to the alterations made in certain books has been greatly exaggerated. We dislike to see books, hymns or tracts altered. We want to have just what the author said. And though Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good" were altered in England by Dr. Burder, and though the Society has ceased to reissue the volume, we think that the alteration of "servants" for "slaves" had better not have been made. And though Mary Lundie Duncan *does* still speak against slavery, even in the altered edition, and though the suppressions are of exaggerated statements and were sanctioned by the author, still our feelings are against them. Perhaps the Society had better not have published the volume at all. And as to the passage altered from Gurney's "Love to God," we see no sufficient reason for it, although the blame of the alteration falls upon Mr. Gurney himself. The original passage reads: "Where the African slave trade? Where the odious system which permits to man a property in his fellow-men, and converts rational beings into marketable chattels?" The essential wrong of slavery is here clearly stated; to hold "rational beings" as "marketable chattels" is the prime evil of the system, and is always and only a wrong. But this sentence was altered by Mr. Gurney, in the edition he prepared for the Society. And these three alterations, be it remembered, are *all* the instances alleged. Years of research and offers of prizes have not brought out any other case. This is the sum and substance of the offence, as far as this accusation is concerned. Each one of them, excepting the first, was sanctioned by the authors of the volumes; and the first was made by Dr. Burder for the English edition of Cotton Mather.

But the Society is most violently assailed for its *silence* upon the subject of slavery. No one can deny that, in repeated instances, it alludes to slavery and its evils; that the sins connected with the system are exposed and denounced; that it publishes all the testimony of the Bible; that Justin Edwards's commentaries, for example, are plain and faithful on this, as on other subjects. And, further, no advocate of slavery can find any apology for the system in any publication of the Society. They have no complicity with slavery; all that they have said is against it.

For ourselves, we should like to see the testimony yet more full and explicit. We think that it might be presented in such a manner as to secure the confidence and assent of Christian men at the South. A calm argument, and a candid appeal, not on the ground of abstract right, but on the ground of the undeniable evils and sins always attending the system, would have weight and influence. Some of the opponents of the Society might, perhaps, spend their strength profitably in preparing an essay, which should command the assent of the Publishing Committee. It is our earnest wish that this Committee may see its way clear to the issuing of such a treatise.

But while expressing this, as our wish, we do not mean to decide as to the immediate duty of the Committee. We are willing, in this matter, to trust to their good sense and Christian feeling. We do not believe that a wiser or better body of men, for their work, could be found. We should regret to see their places usurped by any of our agitating radicals. The Cincinnati Society gives ample scope to such. In this matter we agree entirely with the sentiments expressed in the resolutions of the Synod of the Western Reserve, which we published last week:

"Resolved, That Synod now declare that its confidence in said Society is unshaken, and that it will continue its prayers and contributions, believing that the location, circumstances, wisdom and experience of the Society enable it to judge more correctly than we can as to the policy which truth and righteousness call it to pursue in its publishing department. And yet the Synod would rejoice to see the way clearly open by which our publishing Societies might, with increasing usefulness, act more directly on the subject of slavery."

Against some other bearings of this attack, in its wider relations and connections, we feel ourselves bound, as Christian journalists, to record our earnest dissent and protest. This radical mode of singling out a Society, which is doing such a vast good, and holding it up to contempt and reprobation before our large religious convocations, is a serious evil. The Secretaries and Committee have been spoken against, in language which even common courtesy would forbid. They are denounced as "cowards," and as abettors of slavery. The Society is threatened with a revolution. Such agitators are not willing to trust to argument and persuasion, they will expel these gentlemen from their places! They mean to exact pledges, after the manner of politicians; and if these are not satisfactory, they threaten to choose other people in their stead. We do not believe that our Christian community will endure such dictation from such sources. And if the Committee are catechised in the way proposed, we hope that they will say just nothing in reply.

Why is this Society selected as the special object of such a violent assault? The anti-slavery movement has surely enough to do, in the political sphere, in Kansas, through the proper anti-slavery organizations and objects, to make it seem a very needless waste of strength to enter into such a crusade. But it is a part of a settled plan—to attack, one after another, all of our Societies, no matter what is their specific object, in order to foment dissension and create divisions between the North and the South.

Slavery is undoubtedly one of the great evils of our body politic; and its blight infects the land. In every allowable and Christian method, we would testify and act against it. But it is not the greatest evil even in the United States. It can be eradicated only as Christian principles are diffused. The certainty of the final extinction of slavery is in exact proportion to the progress of evangelical Christianity. The church, the preacher, and the colporteur have here a vast work to do in the way of preparation. They are doing it. The labours of the Tract Society at the South have been signally blessed; in no part of our country are they now doing more substantial good. Even their opponents confess that they are doing more for the extinction of slavery than twenty anti-slavery societies.

This movement against the Tract Society, it is alleged, contemplates, in its ulterior bearing, the entire severance of the North from the South, in Christian fellowship and coöperation. It is even openly avowed that we must leave the South to itself. It is confessed, that if this project be carried out, in the spirit of its projectors, the effect will be to drive the Tract Society from all the Southern States. Such severance would work disaster. The hope of final emancipation would be deferred. The case of the slave would be not better, but worse. It is a most unchristian policy. The Tract Society ought not to be driven to take such ground. If it did, it would lose the confidence of many of its truest friends at the North also. And if any men are not content with letting it do its proper work of evangelization, they may find room enough for their zeal in other organizations and channels, without attempting to revolutionize this Society.

These attacks have immeasurably increased the embarrassment of the Tract Society as to publishing upon the matter of slavery. Whatever they may now say is more likely to be misinterpreted. Strong jealousies on both sides have been aroused. They need the highest Christian wisdom to act aright in such circumstances, and their paramount work, now, as ever, is to send a religious literature through all the land. Their first and great object must be, now, as ever, to preach Christ and Him crucified.

Selections.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Correspondence of The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

GLASGOW, September 13, 1855.

DEAR FRIEND ROBINSON:

* * * * * * * *

Every beautiful song that comes to me from my many home voices has a "*minor*" strain. Most of the American anti-slavery newspapers that reach me bring tidings of the departure of some of our faithful labourers to their rest and reward; and this last letter sounds the alarm to me to prepare for further dispensations of the like character. In such moments, how beautiful, how glorious, how supporting is faith in the all-loving Father, who is only taking us from these primary trainings and experiences, to pursue our further development and culture, nearer to himself, and under his more immediate direction! Truly, we need not sorrow as those without hope. No deep, dark river, no wide ocean, no real barrier nor space, divides the present from the future—Europe and America are a thousand leagues apart. Two oceans separate our two hemispheres. But to us who are alive in the true import, the divine meaning of the word, there are no real boundaries betwixt earth and heaven—no oceans separate us from those who have only gone a little before and entered within the veil. If, in reason's ear, the orbs mingle their voices to make the melody of the spheres, so to the ear of our faith do the voices of all the faithful; and the song is one and the orchestra one, with no voice lost, whether this side the curtain of the inner temple or beyond it; and thus to us the sorrow of separation may be unknown.

I have had most friendly and affectionate letters from some of my Western acquaintances, in Salem, in Jefferson, and even in Michigan. No answer of mine in words can tell the joy and gratitude these expressions, on the part of my friends, always awaken. Should I live to meet any of them again, they shall know whether their kindly consideration has been wasted upon an unworthy object.

My letters to the *Bugle* are wide apart. It is because it seems better to husband my energies for more important things. Writing was not the work appointed me, or my endowment for it would have been greater. And since my sojourn here, my enfeebled brain has been taxed in too many ways to admit of letters for publication, even were my health far better than it is.

But none of your struggles and labours, so far as they are recorded, escape my notice; nor can the importance of them to the cause of human redemption be over-estimated. You are doing the world's great work, under God, and are therefore the church of God. A Jewish dispensation of bloody sacrifice was perhaps needful to precede the better unfolding of the gospel of Love. Our Revolutionary Fathers, like the Hebrews of old, supposed they were fighting the battles of freedom, and laying deep in the blood of their foes the foundation of her temple. But neither Moses and Joshua nor Washington and Jefferson saw the glory which was to be revealed after them. All their work was, at best, but preparatory; they completed nothing. And if Christianity threw down the temple of the former dispensation, so, too, shall we yet sweep away the Unions and Constitutions of Church and Government, before the "Revolutionary War" shall have done its work in establishing the doctrine of "All men created equal."

I have long feared that most of us do not understand the importance and dignity of our divine mission. Where else can our country look for salvation but in the doctrines which we preach?—salvation in all the sacred meaning of the word? What other association but ours is not based upon or controlled by that fatal obstacle to all growth and life—*Compromise?* And this is as true in the Church as out of it. Principles, like parallels of latitude, girdle the universe. But not many, surely, are girdled by them; not many have even discovered them.

England and France boast that they are fighting Europe's battles of freedom—not those of Turkey only—and yet the French Emperor has his foot on the neck of Mazzini; and his myrmidons, with fixed bayonet, guard the despotic throne of the Pope, as though it had yet more ages to rule with iron sceptre the destinies of millions, all over the world. And both France and England are stirring all the energies of earth, and all beneath, to draw Austria into the alliance, as though its outrages upon Hungary did not deserve severer retribution than they would visit on the Czar. And these three nations we should have to call the defenders of freedom in Europe. Napoleon yet streams with the blood his minions shed in Paris, to establish his unrighteous reign. He has lent one army to keep down the cause of liberty in Italy, and to prolong the vilest spiritual despotism that ever cursed mankind. And yet he stands foremost in this unhallowed alliance. Hungary yet bleeds at the feet of Austria. Her noblest women have been stripped and scourged; her bravest men have been hanged by its ungodly decrees; and Austria has been execrated by the two allied powers, not for these things, but because she will not consent to be their accessory in the war upon Russia. Great Britain would then complete this triple, self-styled host, for restoring "the balance of power, and preserving the liberties of Europe"!!

Recently, the French Emperor visited London in triumph. The same man walked the streets of the same London, not man years ago, little better than a vagabond, though deserving of far more honour than now. The British Queen has just returned his visit, and received reciprocating honours, with a most defiling kiss on both her cheeks, from the unclean lips of her imperial but infamous host. Keeping such company, who can wonder that even the like of Millard Fillmore is not distasteful to her? Should even Judge Kane sneak into Buckingham Palace, he might reasonably expect to be invested with the honours of the Garter.

Such an alliance as this against Russia is a proper counterpart for the loud-boasting Democracy of the United States. With four million slaves grinding in the dust, sold, bought, brutalized, in body and spirit, that country claims to be the grand conservator of freedom for the whole world of man—would even annex the whole world to itself, in the name of freedom, could it thereby add other and unnumbered millions to its wretched slaves.

And then the religion of all these countries, regarded as a whole, is fully as ruinous to the true interests of man as are the governments. Indeed, the religion, like the laws, is but the expression of the popular will. It veers and changes with the public sentiment, as readily as do the weathercocks at the tops of its spires. Let a teacher of new truths arise, as well in Newburyport as Nazareth, and our modern Pharisees, like those of old, exclaim, "We know that God spake unto Moses; but as for this fellow, we know not whence he is." The Reverend writers of the *New York Independent* are glad to keep faith and fellowship with the popular Church by spitting their viper-venom at the few who dare rebuke its impiety and infidelity.

All these are but examples of the fatally compromising spirit and policy which govern the political and religious associations that have assumed and undertaken the temporal and spiritual salvation of mankind. In the midst of them our little enterprise has risen, bright and beautiful, and almost as needful as the star of Bethlehem. Based upon principles immutable and eternal, it has hitherto defied all the assaults of its many and mighty foes; and, because based upon principle, it must stand. Fire cannot consume it, nor floods drown. Famine cannot destroy it, nor sword devour. It is as immortal as God, and can no more die than God can die. Garnered up in it are the desires and hopes of the ancient prophets, apostles and martyrs. It embodies that eternal truth on which hangs the redemption of the race. If Jesus came to proclaim liberty to the captive, and sealed his mission with his blood, it is for us to see that liberty be given to the captive, that the blood be not shed in vain, nor so divine a doctrine thrown away. How sublime, then, as well as solemn, does our mission appear! It was in this comprehensive view of it that I expressed a fear that we hardly feel its dignity and importance. We admire the heroism of the Hebrew prophets, and glory in the faith and firmness of the early apostles, and yet not one human gift or grace did they possess which should not be ours. Our work is the same. Our instrumentalities are the same. Whatever we ourselves may be, however unfaithful or unworthy, the principles and doctrines, as well as the ends and obects, of our enterprise could not be more sacred nor divine. The lightnings of Sinai might have lithographed them, or the blood of Calvary steretoyped them. Still, they would be the same. Well does it become us to *know ourselves* before we assume so fearful a responsibility as the proclaiming of this gospel involves. Surely, we might pray earnestly,

"O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's lips with hallowed fire."

Yours, dear Marius, and all your readers',

PARKER PILLSBURY.

ETHIOPIA.

BY A LADY OF COLOUR.

YES, Ethiopia yet shall stretch
Her bleeding hands to God;
Her cry of agony shall reach
The burning throne of God!

The tyrant's yoke from off her neck,
His fetters from her soul,
The mighty hand of God shall break,
And spurn the base control!

Redeemed from dust and freed from chains,
Her sons shall lift their eyes;
From cloud-capped hills and radiant plains,
Shall shouts of triumph rise!

Upon her dark, despairing brow
Shall play a smile of peace:
For God shall bend unto her woe,
And bid her sorrows cease.

'Neath sheltering vines and stately palms
Shall laughing children play;
And aged sires with joyous psalms
Shall gladden every day!

Secure by night, and blest by day,
Shall pass the happy hours;
No human tigers hunt for prey
Within her peaceful bowers!

Then, Ethiopia! stretch, oh! stretch
Thy bleeding hands abroad;
Thy cry of agony shall reach
And find redress with God.

—(*London*) *Empire.*

FLUNKEYISM.

THACKERAY has won immortality by the caustic satire and keen ridicule with which he has laid bare that wretched class, the snobs and flunkeys of humanity. Although his scenes are laid in England, the characters he describes, like those of Moliere and Cervantes, are not confined to one, but to be found in all countries. Indeed, in this universality of application lies the secret of the wonderful effect which Thackeray's pencillings produce. But much as we relish the genius of the British satirist, we are far from thinking that he has exhausted all the various phases in which flunkeyism finds development. We have had the swaggering flunkey, the boasting flunkey, the insipid flunkey, the conceited flunkey; there yet remains to be sketched the journalist-flunkey, for which a New York paper of yesterday furnishes materials, in which we fancy Thackeray, in his malicious moments, would absolutely revel with delight. We furnish them in their own fascinating simplicity.

It seems that about nine months since, among the crowds from Ireland, Germany, France, California, Australia, China and sundry other parts of the globe, disgorged daily from ship or steamer on our quays, a lone English lady found herself on our shores. After, we presume, a short stay at the Astor or St. Nicholas, and a peep at Barnum's and the Crystal Palace, "on she went with her maiden smile" all the country round, doubtless paying her hotel bills with most praiseworthy punctuality, and bearing herself like what we are willing to believe her to be, a gentle, cultivated woman. Her progress through the Eastern, Western and Southern portions of the United States may have been marked by many of those adventurous and romantic incidents and "special opportunities" which all travellers, and particularly women, deem peculiar to themselves. However, our witty feuilletonists could not make much out of her, although it was occasionally hinted she was maid of honour to the Queen, and her name occasionally, during the dull Summer months, glistened like a shooting star across the monotony of Tennessee, Wisconsin, Albany, Iowa—where small social doings and visits are reported for the want of more exciting news. Once we remember reading she was discovered in a church at Brooklyn, which created a faint flutter; but it only mounted to excitement when it oozed out that one who was once a real live maid of honour to Queen Victoria had absolutely delivered a speech on Randall's Island to the little juveniles of the place, filling them and other little people who were present with an overpowering sense of honour conferred. This was all pleasant enough; and however much we may feel regret and shame to see even those whose official position should raise them above such littleness fawning on the fag-end of European aristocracy with a slavering which inspires contempt for the recipient and exposes the country to well-merited ridicule abroad, this lady herself—Miss Murray, a descendant, we presume, of

"Sweet Murray of the silver tongue"—

might have walked through the land like Moore's lady of Erin, "so lone and lovely," and departed from our shores without America's being particularly disturbed from its usual avocations, or our being compelled to do what is to us always painful—discuss the position or merits of a woman who may have been thus dragged before the public without her own wish or consent, and simply to give friendly flunkeyism its fill. Indeed, the sensitiveness with which woman, and especially an English woman, shrinks from a course and undue notoriety would lead us to this belief.

Be this as it may, with a semi-official air and a pompous parade, which in its pretentiousness becomes the keenest satire, *The New York Times* announces to the world the astounding fact that Miss Murray, maid of honour to the Queen of England, gifted with high genius and the usual things of that class, has written a book to uphold the institution of slavery, to prove the superior education and refinement of the South over the North, and to demolish all the facts and reasonings of Mrs. Stowe. This wonderful book, as *The New York Times* informs us, written as it is on such a difficult and controverted question, must, from the elevated position of the authoress, create a deep impression, not only in this country, but in England. With respect to the book itself, we should be the last to find fault with any lady's forming and giving to the world any opinion she may please, however opposed to our feelings, to those of our own countrymen and countrywomen, and what we would suppose to be the very instinct of her sex. Indeed, we welcome and rejoice in every literary effort of woman, from whom have come some of the noblest works of modern times. But a work of real merit needs no flimsy feather to support its flight. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," perhaps the noblest work of a woman, modestly appeared first in a Washington paper, and was born in an unpretending manger. What we do protest against is, that a false and fictitious value, which it has no right to bear, should be attempted to be given to this work, and that by a journal which pretends to hold in horror the system this work is written to sustain. We can fancy the sneer of contempt with which the woman's quick wit will measure this fantastic flunkeyism, and the sensitiveness with which Miss Murray must write under a comparison with the Duchess of Sutherland, first in position of rank and virtue in England, which can only, if it reaches home, expose her to ridicule. We should be sorry to detract one whit from the status of those charming beings, the maids of honour. In the court, it is true, they do not rank particularly high. First come the mistress of the robes, filled by the Duchess of Sutherland. Next some twelve ladies in waiting. After these about as many ladies of the bedchamber. All these have to be gone through before we reach the maids of honour. Still, when found, they are pretty and pleasant in their way. But, except during the reigns of Charles and George II., when they acquired a rather naughty notoriety, they have been universally unknown to fame. We rather fancy that the chief sensation the new book in question will excite in England, if it needs the attraction of a name, will be one of curiosity to know who Miss Murray is. With some knowledge of English society, we are ashamed to confess we never heard of her. And we almost fear that the prefix of "late maid of honour" will in that country detract from rather than give value to her work. As a class "the maids" are not remarkable for "decided intellectual ability."

The New York Times may rest assured that it will require something more than a name to shake Mrs. Stowe from that place in the hearts of the people—not alone of this country or of England, but of Europe—which she now holds. In a multitude of homes to which *The New York Times* has not penetrated, and which we fancy the name of Miss Murray will never reach, Mrs. Stowe is blessed and loved by those who have never seen her face, but to whom she has taught to mingle each evening with that holiest of offices, the household prayer, an aspiration for the release from bondage of those brothers who, made after the image of God, are held as beasts of burden and "carrion of the field."

For the rest, the statements with which our cotemporary surrounds this preliminary puff are wholly without foundation. Many as have been our quarrels with England, we honour and reverence the determined hatred which England and Englishmen ever feel to that peculiar form of bondage. To assert that they but assume the feeling, and repent the sacrifice in which they gave it fulfilment, is false. Were the question of slavery in this country or its restoration in the West Indies to be polled in the House of British representatives to-morrow, the institution would not find one sustainer. The representatives of that very interest which *The New York Times* asserts hangs on it for life, Messrs. Cobden and Bright, are among the most bitter in its denunciation. Through the breadth of England, were the question put, it would not find five hundred favouring hands. And we rather imagine that both the British people and the British sovereign will not be specially well-pleased to see a title, derived from attendance on Victoria herself, paraded to give value to opinions hateful to both.

Doubtless, however, this puff will serve the purpose of *The New York Times*. It is skillfully doctored to please the Southern market. But we doubt whether even the South would not prefer a manly, straight-forward foe, to one who, while professing hatred of slavery, covertly seeks to curry favour with slaveholders, and who can be honest and true to no principle and no party.—*Tribune.*

A VISIT TO THE ELGIN SETTLEMENT.

From The Toronto Globe.

IN company with several friends, both male and female, I paid a visit to the "Elgin Settlement"; and, although expecting much, I was not prepared to find matters in such a flourishing condition. The readers of the *Globe* are already partially acquainted with the history of this settlement. At different periods, attempts were made to improve the physical and social condition of the coloured persons who, having escaped from the despotism of the United States Republic, sought an asylum and a home on the free soil of monarchical Britain. Settlements were formed in different localities, but, from some cause or other, none of them prospered long, difficulties arose, and it began to be surmised that the black man was an intractable sort of being, incapable of improvement under any management, and especially that as a tiller of the soil he was utterly useless. Several benevolent gentlemen, having deliberated over the matter, came to the conclusion that the experiment had not been fairly and fully tested; that there were peculiar circumstances which operated prejudicially in the previous cases, and that at least another effort should be made on a proper scale, and with suitable instrumentalities. Accordingly, about 1848, certain individuals in Toronto, Hamilton and elsewhere formed themselves into an "Association for the Settlement and Moral Improvement of the Coloured People of Canada," procured an Act of incorporation from the Legislature, and, with the aid of the Rev. Wm. King, set themselves to work out in earnest the contemplated scheme. With this object in view, about nine thousand acres of land were selected in the township of Raleigh, in the county of Kent; and on the 22d of October, 1849, some 4,300 acres of this were secured from Government. Since that time additional purchases have been made; and the Settlement is now six miles long by about three miles wide. The lands were divided into lots of fifty acres each, and are sold only to actual coloured settlers of approved moral character at the rate $2 1-2 per acre. The first instalment has to be paid down at the time of purchase, and the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest.

On the 3d December, 1849, the first settler entered upon this land, and, from that time to the present, yearly additions have been made, so that almost the whole of the land has been occupied by actual settlers. The houses are all erected on a uniform plan, after a certain model. They stand about 33 feet distant from a road 66 feet wide, which runs past each lot, and are built of round logs, 18 by 24 feet, and 12 feet high, with a gallery running along the length of the front. The space between the house and the road is tastefully laid out in grass plots or planted with shrubbery, the whole, together with a small garden at the end of each house, being surrounded by a picket fence. While none may build houses inferior to the model, all may surpass it as far as they please. Several have availed themselves of this license, and have constructed larger and more commodious dwellings. The first house that attracted our attention, on entering the settlement, was a two-story brick one, which was built by Alfred H. Mest, and is kept by him as a hotel, on Temperance principles. Passing this, we soon arrived at the Mission Church and School-House, small, neat buildings, somewhat like porter lodges, at the entrance of the avenue leading up to the dwelling-house of the Rev. Mr. King, who resides on the premises, superintending and guiding all the affairs of the Settlement. Acting both in a civil and ecclesiastical capacity, he is the moving spirit who keeps all the parts of the machine, so to speak, in harmonious working. He is regarded throughout the Settlement as the King whom all are bound to obey, and, to judge from what I witnessed, the obedience of the settlers was no less implicit than their confidence and respect were sincere and profound.

In order that eduction and morality might progress *pari passu* with the physical improvement around, a schoolhouse and church were erected at the very commencement of the settlement, and both, I am glad to find, have been regularly and well attended throughout. Several of the coloured children, of whom 150 have been attending school during the year, have made very creditable progress in their studies, and some of them can translate Latin and Greek with considerable facility. The girls are studying music, and to hear the notes of the pianoforte under such circumstances was as pleasing as it was unexpected. The church is under the pastoral care of Mr. King, who is paid by the Free Church of Canada. The moral condition of Buxton is good. Nothing that intoxicates is made or sold on the lands. The Sabbath, I am informed, is generally observed as a day of rest, and peace and harmony reign throughout. The first sounds that greeted our ears were those of prayer and praise, a weekly prayer meeting being held in the minister's house. On these occasions there is generally a good attendance.

In company with Mr. King, I visited as much of the lands as my time would permit and with all I saw I was highly gratified. During the past year a new steam saw and grist mill was erected and is in full working order. This will prove of eminent service to the settlers, who can now procure at hand the lumber required for building purposes, and thus afford to make more extensive improvements. Besides, in the winter season they can haul to the mill logs enough to pay for their lumber, thus clearing their farms and at the same time providing material for keeping the mill in motion. There are some eight men employed in hauling and cutting logs, which are of the best oak, white ash, hickory, maple and buttonwood. It was a pleasant sight to see them all so profitably employed and all so happy and energetic looking. There is a compound corn mill attached, but it was not in motion during my visit. Upwards of 100 barrels of pearl ashes were turned out of their factory during the last eight months. The quantity of land at present clear and under fence is 827 acres. There are in addition 216 acres chopped down and ready for Fall and Spring crops. There is a large quantity of wheat sown this season, some 180 acres being under crop. Three hundred and forty acres are planted with corn, 50 with potatoes, 40 with oats and 200 with hay, buckwheat and turnips. There is also a considerable quantity of tobacco raised, and it is said to be of a superior quality.

The following is the financial statement of the affairs of the Association as given in the report for the present year: "The present liabilities of the Association amount to £2,944 19s 2d; that is, to Government for land and interest, £2,211 3s 6d; stockholders, for instalments and interest, £733 15s 8d. The assets amount to $3,539 12s 10d; that is, for land sold and interest thereon, £3,352 2s 10d; land unsold, £187 10s; leaving a balance of assets, to meet the current or ordinary expenses of the Association, of £594 13s 8d."

In order to estimate aright the progress that has thus been made, it is necessary to observe that the settlers have not been permitted to receive any extraneous aid. Most of them entered the lands destitute of means, and having to rely solely on their own labour for support. It is wisely said that the spirit of independence will thus be generated; and instead of those begging customs which have tended to the ruin of other places, habits of industry and frugality will prevail. What the coloured man needs on his arrival in Canada is not so much money or clothes as the means of earning both for himself. Of course temporary aid, in many cases, is absolutely necessary, but this is only for periods of very limited duration. Mr. King and the Committee, in conducting the affairs of the association, act upon this principle, and they do so wisely.

I might say much more of a similar encouraging character regarding this settlement, but enough has been told to prove that, under proper management, the black man is as capable of success, even in agricultural pursuits, as the white one, and that the social and moral habits of the Ethiopian, when properly directed, are not inferior in any respect to those of the European. To the gentlemen who, in the spirit of benevolence and philanthropy, originated this settlement, and to the Rev. Wm. King, who has so wisely and energetically and with such unflagging zeal carried out their plans and intentions, the public are largely indebted. So long as the coloured man resides amongst us, it is of the utmost consequence to society that his intellectual and moral faculties be cultivated, and that he be allowed the freest scope for the acquisition of physical good. By helping him to overcome the degrading and brutalizing effects of his training while a slave, we thereby not merely aid him in exhibiting to the world that he is fitted for freedom, but do much to hasten that day, which cannot be much longer deferred, when the bonds shall fall from the limbs of the oppressed, and when all in every land shall be put in the possession of those inalienable—because heaven-given—rights, "the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Of our visit to Buxton and of the pleasant drive along the banks of Lake Erie, which we enjoyed on our return, we shall long cherish many pleasing remembrances.

"SOUTH-SIDE" ADAMS, IN PROVIDENCE.

From The Liberator.

ON Wednesday evening last, Oct. 3, Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, delivered an installation sermon in Providence. A programme of performance I send you. A few days previous, I learned that this apologizer and defender of that "sum of all villanies," American slavery, was to deliver the sermon on the occasion of the installation of Rev. A. Huntington Clapp, who had recently accepted a call from the Beneficent Church and Society to become their pastor. This is the oldest Congregational body in this city, and they have been in a very distracted state for a long time—ever since J. P. Cleveland removed and went to Northampton, Mass. I made some inquiry among the leaders as to the invitation to *Dr. Adams* for this service. They all washed their hands of the matter—said it was customary for the minister to select the person to deliver the sermon, and that Dr. Adams was his choice; they had nothing to do with it; and so they wrapped it up. I asked them, if the minister chose to introduce a licentious man, or a gambler into their pulpit to preach, whether they would not have something to do with it. They said they thought they should. I then asked them if he had not written and published a book to apologize for and defend that loathsome institution, American chattel slavery. They did not deny it, but said the minister has his right of choice as to who shall deliver the sermon.

I got in near the close of the sermon, at which time he was on the subject of the support of the minister. A long and tedious installing prayer, by J. Leavitt, D.D., succeeded—of the true Orthodox stamp. J. P. Cleveland's charge (the former pastor) was unique; but before he closed, he spoke of the Reform movements of the day—made an attack on those reformers who, he said, were not content with trying to pull down slavery, but were pulling down Church, State and Christianity. The new pastor was to beware of such. But he told him he could say slavery was *wrong*, and there let it lie on the consciences of his hearers. He charged him to go against rum-selling, and in favour of the prohibitory liquor law.

Then came Rev. Mr. Wolcott's Fellowship of the Churches. It was to me the best part of the performances. He spoke of welcoming the Pastor to a participation in their duties and struggles, particularly in moral reform movements, and had not a little to say on Slavery, and Liberty, and Freedom, though I think he was quite cautious, for he said nothing about Southern slavery, nor of the "South-Side View" of that beautiful institution, according to Dr. Adams.

Of the Address to the People, by Rev. James H. Hoppin, one of our townsmen, I will merely say it was a quite common-place affair.

Mr. Conklin, of the Free Church, read the Scriptures; and, considering that Mr. Wolcott and himself have battled, in their way, to have something done on the subject of slavery, in their Consociation, by resolutions, they were in an equivocal position in taking part in the services where a man, equal to any slaveholder of the South, was preaching the sermon.

Dr. Adams, it seems, has become a more prominent man in the denomination to which he belongs, since he wrote his "South-Side View," than before. He has certainly been a leader in Anniversary Prayer Meetings, President of Ecclesiastical Councils, has lately delivered the annual sermon before the American Board, has been appointed Chairman of the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society, and what else I know not.* Do not the denomination endorse him as fully as it is possible for them to do? as fully as they could a slaveholder? and is there any difference in principle? The ministers here, all of them, say they would not admit a slaveholder into their pulpits, nor to their communion tables. Dr. Adams, who apologizes for and defends human chattel slavery, is addmitted to both, and fellowshipped by them!!!

Providence, October 6. S. W. W.

*Here is another instance:

"*Missionary Ordained.*—George A Pollard, a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, was ordained as a missionary to Western Asia at the South Congregational Church in Hallowell, on Wednesday of last week. Sermon by Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston!"

Let the brand of infamy be as deeply and as indelibly imprinted on the brows of the American Tract Society and the American Board of Commissioners as the hot iron is burnt into the flesh of the slave.—ED. LIBERATOR.

POST-OFFICE LAW IN KANSAS.

From The Herald of Freedom (K. T.), Sept. 22.

THE following letter was received from the Postmaster at Atchison, K. T., on the 15th inst. It has never been our fortune, prior to this, to receive a document so highly interesting from a public officer, and we commend it to the consideration of Postmaster General Campbell, as a communication worthy his attention, and trust he will place it on file in the Department as a gem of the kind. Mr. Kelley is a partner of B. F. Stringfellow, and associate editor in the publication of the *Squatter Sovereign:*

"POST-OFFICE, ATCHISON, K. T., Sept. 7, 1855.

"*To the Publisher of The Herald of Freedom.*

"MR. G. W. BROWN—*Sir:* By this mail I return you five copies of your paper without any inscription thereon. As there is a law now in force in this Territory prohibiting the circulation of incendiary publications, I most respectfully decline giving them a circulation. You will confer a favour by keeping your rotten and corrupt effusions from tainting the pure air of this portion of the Territory.

"Two numbers of the *Herald of Freedom* are taken at this office, and I have distributed them in their respective boxes, and shall continue to do so until I get 'legal advice.'

"Hoping you will comply with my request, I remain your obedient servant,

"ROBERT S. KELLEY, P. M., Atchison, K. T."

All the papers returned were variously inscribed. On one side of all was written, "Sent back from Atchison, K. T., Refused." On the opposite side of some was written "Refused"; on another "Refused to circulate"; and on another, "Necessity may bring me to crime, but while I draw a breath I cannot be induced to lend a hand to a measure I know to be suicidal to the interests of the South. I cannot and WILL NOT circulate this *libel.*"

We have preserved all the marks of the Postmaster, and added none. To circulate the *Herald of Freedom*, according to Postmaster Kelley, is "suicidal to the interests of the South." We thank him for his compliment, and are truly glad that our humble efforts in publishing a paper are fraught with such consequences as to make an impression upon the institutions of the South if circulated. In view of these facts, we ask our friends in the East to aid us with means to "circulate" the *Herald.* We are honest in the belief that it is doing as much to advance the cause of freedom as any instrumentality now claiming public favour, and, as such, we appeal to the anti-slavery public for pecuniary encouragement.

But to the Postmaster. We have submitted Mr. Kelley's letter, also the inscription on the wrapper of the returned papers, and the paper itself, to the consideration of Postmaster General Campbell. If he allows his officials to decide what matter is "incendiary," there is an end to the freedom of the press in Kansas, if not in America.

We have written a statement of facts to Mr. Campbell, and preserved a copy for publication, which we shall give to the public as soon as we get his reply. The question is an important one to the press, and, as such, we shall expect them to speak freely upon the subject.

The papers having no "inscription" upon them were tied up in a bundle, and directed to a subscriber at Atchison, who had ordered six copies for that week. On the outside copy the subscriber's name and post-office address were legibly written.

"SPECIAL REPORT ON INDIAN MISSIONS."

From The American Baptist.

THE *Independent* contains a copy of this document, presented to the American Board at its recent meeting in this city, by George W. Wood, who, in April and May last, visited the Choctaw and Cherokee missions, in obedience to instructions of the Prudential Committee, with a view to the arrangement of difficulties growing out of the action of the Choctaw Council in the matter of the boarding schools, and involving the slavery question. The Report contains two statements, of a highly interesting character, in their bearing upon the actual position of the Board in respect to slavery. In one of these, we have a carefully guarded enunciation of the principles, in relation to the subject of slavery, upon which the missions have been and are to be conducted, and in which the Prudential Committee and the missionaries are understood to harmonize. In the other, we have definite information as to the extent of the connection of slavery with the missions, during the last seven years.

The former statement was drawn up by Mr. Wood himself, and, after much deliberation, unanimously adopted by a meeting of the Choctaw mission, held at Goodwater, April 25 and 26, and by the Cherokee mission, in session at Park Hill, May 9. The end sought in this formal declaration, as set forth by the meeting at Goodwater, is said to be "the better and more harmonious prosecution of the great objects of the Choctaw mission on the part of the Prudential Committee and the members of the mission, and for the removal of any and all existing difficulties which have grown out of public discussions and action on the subject of slavery." It seems to be intimated here, that the cause of the difficulties referred to is not found in slavery itself, but in public discussions and action upon it. If it were let alone, it would make no disturbance.

We have not room for the whole of this "Statement of Principles"; but we give so much of it as is necessary to convey to the reader a correct idea of its character and tendency.

[The whole document having appeared in THE STANDARD of Sept. 29th, *The Baptist's* extracts need not be given.]

The second of these articles furnishes a very good epitome of the General Assembly's Act, and the Report of the American Board mentioned in the first. The sum of both is, that slavery, as a system, is evil; but that slaveholding, as an act, is right or wrong, according to circumstances. If there are "special justificatory circumstances," and if "the intention of the doer" is good, the act is "made right"; otherwise, it must be regarded as "morally wrong." In what these supposed justificatory circumstances consist, we learn from the ninth article, where it is assumed that "sustaining the legal relation" of a slaveholder, "when made unavoidable by the laws of the State, the obligations of guardianship, or the demands of humanity, is not to be deemed an offence against the rule of Christian right." Such a slaveholder is not to be esteemed "a wrong-doer"; but, according to the third article, is to be admitted to the communion of the Church, on giving satisfactory evidence that he is in fellowship with Christ! When it is borne in mind that the system

charter of an eastern Territory, thou of a western one. He made a bargain with the Indians; thee broke one. He gave a "Fundamental Constitution" to his Territory; thee took away the Fundamental Constitution from thine. He brought peace into his; thee sent strife into thine. His emissaries were 100 Friends, without a musket; thine were 200 enemies, each with a bowie-knife and a revolver. He appointed Magistrates to render every man his due; thee removed the only Magistrate that sought to do his duty. Two years he spent in laying the foundation of a "City of Brotherly Love" and in making all its neighbours friends; two years thee has spent in setting every man's hand against his neighbour. On the bell that hangs in his State House is written, "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof"; in thine it is written, "Proclaim Slavery to all the inhabitants of this Territory." Yea, friend, thee can admire a Pennsylvania, but thee would not make one. Thou tellest the "Quakers" they are a "peace-loving and peace-cultivating people," yet when twenty of them sent thee a peaceful petition in the Senate, thee professed to believe them men of the sword, waging Civil War on the meek and patient brethren of the South! Well would it be for thee, friend Franklin, if thy "signatures" could "fade" and thy "parchments perish" like those men of old time. If thee had praised William Penn in the works of thy hands half as much as in the "Obs" and "Ahs" of thy mouth, thee would not (in the words of the good man whose name thou bearest) have paid as dear as thou hast for thy whistle.

—*Albany Evening Journal.* PENNSYLVANIAN.

THE PASSMORE WILLIAMSON CASE.

DECISION OF JUDGE KANE—THE PETITION OF JANE JOHNSON REFUSED.

From The Philadelphia Bulletin, Oct. 12.

This morning Judge Kane delivered his opinion in the case of the application of Jane Johnson, the slave woman, whose departure from the custody of John H. Wheeler, at Walnut street wharf, some weeks since, caused so much excitement and led to the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson.

In the District Court of the United States.—In the matter of a certain prayer purporting to be a suggestion, &c., from Jane Johnson. Before entering upon the question immediately before me at this time it is proper that I should advert to the past action of the Court in the case of Passmore Williamson, and to the considerations that led to it. I do this the rather because in some of the judicial reviews to which it has been submitted collaterally after an ex-parte argument it does not seem to me to have been fully apprehended.

I begin with the writ which originated the proceeding. The writ of habeas corpus is of immemorial antiquity. It is deduced by the standard writers on the English law from the Great Charter of King John. It is unquestionable, however, that it is substantially of much earlier date; and it may be referred without improbability to the period of the Roman invasion. Like the trial by jury, it entered into the institutions of Rome before the Christian era, and had probably been familiar to the times of the Republic. Through the long series of political struggles which gave form to the British constitution, it was claimed as the birthright of every Englishman, and our ancestors brought it with them as such to this country.

At the common law it issued whenever a citizen was denied the exercise of his personal liberty, or was deprived of his rightful control over any member of his household, his wife, his child, his ward, or his servant. It issued from the Courts of the sovereign, and in his name, at the instance of any one who invoked it, either for himself or another. It commanded, almost in the words of the Roman edict,* that the party under detention should be produced before the Court, there to await its decree. It left no discretion with the party to whom it was addressed. He was not to constitute himself the judge of his own rights or his own conduct; but to bring in the body, and to declare the cause wherefor he had detained it; and the Judge was then to determine whether that cause was sufficient in law or not. Such in America, as well as in England, was the well-known, universally recognized writ of habeas corpus.

When the Federal Convention was engaged in framing a Constitution for the United States, a proposition was submitted to it by one of the members, that "the privileges and benefits of the writ of habeas corpus shall be enjoyed in this Government in the most expeditious and ample manner; and shall not be suspended by the Legislature except upon the most urgent and pressing occasions." The committee to whom this was referred for consideration, would seem to have regarded the privilege of this writ as too distinctly implied in the idea of a free government to need formal assertion or confirmation; for they struck out that part of the proposed article in which the privilege was affirmed, and retained only so much as excluded the question of its suspension from the ordinary range of congressional legislation.

The Convention itself must have concurred in their views; for in the Constitution, as digested, and finally ratified, and as it stands now, there is neither enactment nor recognition of the privilege of this writ, except as it is implied in the provision that it shall not be suspended. It stands, then, under the Constitution of the United States as it was under the common law of English America, an indefeasible privilege, above the sphere of ordinary legislation.

I do not think it necessary to argue from the words of this article that the Congress was denied the power of limiting or restricting or qualifying the right, which they were thus forbidden to suspend. I do not indeed see that there can be a restriction or limitation of a privilege which may not be essentially a suspension of it, to some extent at least, or under some circumstances, or in reference to some of the parties who might otherwise have enjoyed it. And it has appeared to me that if Congress had undertaken to deny altogether the exercise of this writ by the Federal Courts, or to limit its exercise to the few and rare cases that might peradventure find their way to some one particular Court, or to declare that the writ should only issue in this or that class of cases, to the exclusion of others in which it might have issued at the common law, it would be difficult to escape the conclusion that the ancient and venerated privilege of the writ of habeas corpus had not been in some degree suspended, if not annulled.

But there has been no legislation or attempted legislation, by Congress, that could call for an expansion of this train of reasonings.

There was one other writ which in the most recent contests between the people and the king had contributed signally to the maintenance of popular right. It was the writ of scire facias which had been employed to vindicate the rights of property by vacating the monopolies of the crown. Like the writ of habeas corpus, it founded itself on the concessions of magna charta, and the two were the proper and natural complements of each other.

The first Congress so regarded them. The protection of the citizens against arbitrary exaction and unlawful restraint, as it is the essential object of all rightful governments, would present itself as the first great duty of the Courts of Justice that were about to be constituted. And if, in defining the jurisdiction of the new tribunals, it were thought proper to signalize two writs out of the many known to the English law as within their unqualified competency, it would seem natural that those two should be selected which boasted their origin from the charter of English liberties, and had been consecrated for ages in the affectionate memories of the people as their safeguard against oppression.

This consideration has interpreted for me the terms of the statute, which define my jurisdiction on this subject. Very soon after I had been advanced to the bench, I was called upon to issue the writ of habeas corpus at the instance of a negro, who had been arrested as a fugitive from labour. It was upon the force of the argument to which I now advert that I then awarded the process; and from that day to this, often as it has been invoked and awarded in similar cases that have been before me, my authority to award it has never been questioned.

The language of the act of Congress reflects the history of the constitutional provision. It enacts (*First Congr. Sess. 1, ch. 20, sec. 14*) "that all the before mentioned Courts of the United States" (the Supreme, Circuit and District) "shall have power to issue writs of scire facias, habeas corpus, and all other writs not specially provided for by statute, which may be necessary for the exercise of their respective jurisdiction, and agreeable to the principles and usages of law."

I am aware that it has sometimes been contended or assumed, without, as it seems to me, a just regard to the grammatical construction of these words, that the concluding limitation applies to all the processes of the Courts, the two writs especially named among the rest, and that the Federal Courts can only issue the writ of habeas corpus, when it had become necessary to the exercise of an otherwise delegated jurisdiction; in other words, that it is subsidiary to some original process or pending suit.

It is obvious, that if such had been the intention of the law makers, it was unnecessary to name the writ of habeas corpus at all; for the simpler phrase "*all writs* necessary," &c., would in that case have covered their meaning. But there are objections to this reading more important than any that found themselves on grammatical rules.

The words that immediately follow give the power of issuing the writ to every Judge, for the purpose of inquiring into the causes of a commitment. Now, a commitment presupposes judicial action, and this action it is the object of the writ to review. Can it be, that a single Judge, sitting as such, can reexamine the causes of a detainer, which has resulted from judicial action, and is, therefore, *prima facie* a lawful one; and yet that the Court of which he is a member cannot inquire into the causes of a detainer, made without judicial sanction, and, therefore, *prima facie* unlawful?

Besides, if this were the meaning of the act, it might be difficult to find the cases to which it should apply. I speak of the writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*, the great writ of personal liberty, referred to in the Constitution; not that modification of it which applies especially to the case of a commitment, nor the less important forms of *habeas corpus, ad respondendum, ad faciendum*, &c., which are foreign to the question. I do not remember to have met a case, either in practice or in the books, where this writ could have performed any pertinent office in a pending suit. There may be such, but they do not occur to me; and I incline very strongly to the opinion, that if the power to issue the writ of habeas corpus applies only to cases of statutory jurisdiction, outrages upon the rights of a citizen can never invoke its exercise.

If such were indeed the law of the United States, I do not see how I could escape the conclusion that the jealousy of local interests and prejudice, which led to the constitution of Federal Courts, regarded only disputes about property; and that the liberty of a citizen, when beyond the State of his domicil, was not deemed worthy of equal protection. From an absurdity so gross as this I relieve myself by repeating the words of Chief Justice Marshall, in ex parte Watkins, 3 Rep. 201: "No law of the United States prescribes the case in which this great writ shall be issued, nor the power of the Court over the party brought up on it."

Whether, then, I look to the Constitution and its history, or to the words or the policy of the act of Congress, I believe that it was meant to require of the Courts of the United States that they should dispense the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus to all parties lawfully asserting them as other Courts of similar functions and dignity had immemorially dispensed them at the common law. The Congress of 1789 made no definition of the writ or of its conditions or effects. They left it as the Constitution left it, and as it required them to leave it—the birthright of every man within the borders of the States; like the right to air, and water, and motion, and thought—rights imprescriptible and above all legislation or caprice.

And so it ought to be. There is no writ so important for good, and so little liable to be abused. At the worst, in the hands of a corrupt or ignorant Judge, it may release some one from restraint who should justly have remained bound. But it deprives no one of freedom and diverts no right. It could not give Mr. Wheeler the possession of his slaves, but it might release them from the custody of a wrong-doer. Freemen or bondmen, they had rights; and the foremost of these was the right to have their other rights adjudicated openly and by the tribunals of the land. And this right, at least, Mr. Wheeler shared with them; he also could claim a hearing.

Unless these views are incorrect throughout, the District Court had jurisdiction of the case which came before it at the instance of Mr. Wheeler. He represented by his petition under oath that three human beings had been forcibly taken possession of by Passmore Williamson without authority of law, within the Eastern District of Pennsylvania; and he prayed that by force of the writ of habeas corpus, Mr. Williamson might be required to produce their bodies before the Court, and to declare what was the right or pretext of right under which he claimed to detain them.

Whether Mr. Wheeler was in fact entitled to demand this writ, or whether upon a full discussion of the law the Court might have felt justified in refusing it to him, is a question of little moment. Every day and in every Court writs issue at the instance of parties asserting a grievance, and very often when in truth no grievance has been sustained.

The party assailed comes before the Court in obedience to its process. He perhaps questions the jurisdiction of the Court. Perhaps he denies the fact charged. Perhaps he explains that the fact as charged was by reason of circumstances a lawful one. The Judge is not presumed to know beforehand all the merits of the thousand and one causes that come before him. He decides when he has causes that come before him. He decides when he has heard. But the first duty of a defendant in all cases is obedience to the writ which calls him into Court. Till he has rendered this the Judge cannot hear the cause, still less pass upon its merits.

Mr. Williamson came before the Court, but he did not bring forth the bodies of his alleged prisoners, as the writ had commanded him. He did not question the jurisdiction of the Court; he did not assert that the negroes were free, and that the writ had been applied for without their authority or consent, but he simply denied that they had ever been in his custody, power or possession, as Mr. Wheeler had asserted. Witnesses were heard, and with one consent they supported the allegations of Mr. Wheeler and contradicted the denial of Mr. Williamson.

Mr. Williamson's counsel then asked time to enable them to produce witnesses who were material on his behalf; remarking that their client might desire to bring the negroes into Court, to prove that they had not been abducted. The Judge informed them, in reply, that upon Mr. Williamson making the customary adequate affidavit, that there were material witnesses whom he wished to adduce, the cause would be continued, as of course, till a future day. Mr. Williamson declined making the affidavit.

He however asked leave to declare for himself what he had done, and why. He was heard, and, speaking under solemn affirmation, he not only verified all the important facts that had been sworn to by Mr. Wheeler and the witnesses, but added that, immediately before coming into Court with his return, he had called upon a negro who had been his principal associate in the transaction, to ascertain whether the negroes were safe, and had been informed by him that they were all "safe."

Two motions were then made by Mr. Wheeler's counsel; the first, that Mr. Williamson should be committed for a contempt of process, in that he had made a false return to the writ; the second, that he should be held to answer to a charge of perjury. After he had summed up the evidence and referred to authorities in support of these motions, the counsel of Mr. Williamson asked leave to consult together as to their appropriate course of action; and this being assented to by the Court, they retired with their client for the purpose from the Court-room. Returning after some time time, they informed the Court that they declined making any argument upon the questions which were before it.

The case which was in this manner thrown upon the Court for its unaided adjudication had assumed an aspect of grave responsibility on the part of Mr. Williamson. It was clearly in proof that the negroes had been removed by persons acting under his counsel, in his presence, and with his cooperation. His return to the writ denied that they had ever been within his possession, custody, or control. Under ordinary circumstances this denial would have been conclusive; but being controverted by the facts in evidence, it lost that character. "The Court," said Judge Story, in a case singularly analogous in its circumstances (United States vs. Green, 3 Mas. 483), "will not discharge the defendant simply because he declares that the infant is not in his power, possession, control, or custody, if the conscience of the Court is not satisfied that all the material facts are fully disclosed. That would be to listen to mere forms against the claims of substantial justice and the rights of personal liberty in the city. In ordinary cases, indeed, such a declaration is satisfactory and ought to be decisive, because there is nothing before the Court upon which it can ground a doubt of its entire verity, and that in a real and legal sense the import of the words 'possession, power or custody,' is fully understood and met by the party. The case of the King vs. Vinton (5 T. R., 89), and of Stacey (10 Johns, 328), show with what jealousy Courts regard returns of this nature. In these cases there was enough on the face of the returns to excite suspicions that more was behind, and that the party was really within the constructive control of the defendant. Upon examining the circumstances of this case, I am not satisfied that the return contains all those facts within the knowledge of the defendant which are necessary to be brought before the Court to enable it to decide whether he is entitled to a discharge, or, in other words, whether he has not now the power to produce the infant and control those in whose custody she is." "There is no doubt," he adds, "that an attachment is the proper process to bring the defendant into Court."

Anxious that this resort to the inherent and indispensable powers of the Court might be avoided, the Judge, in adjourning the case for advisement until the following week, urged upon Mr. Williamson and his associates that if practicable the negroes should in the meantime be brought before the Court.

But the negroes were not produced. They came forward afterward, some of them, as it is said, before a justice in New York; and by a process of Pennsylvania State Court they, or some of them, were brought forward again in this city, to testify for Mr. Williamson or some of his confederates. But before the Court of the United States, sitting within the same curtilage, at the distance of perhaps a hundred yards, it was not thought necessary or expedient or practicable to produce them. Their evidence, whatever might have been its import or value, was never before the Court, and would have no bearing upon its action.

The decision was announced at the end of the week. It was, that Mr. Williamson's answer was evasive and untrue; that he, therefore, had not obeyed the writ of habeas corpus, and must, consequently, stand committed as for a contempt of it. The order to that effect having been made, a discussion arose between the counsel as to the propriety of certain motions, which, on one side and the other, they invited the Court to consider.

It was apparent that the learned gentleman who at this time addressed the Court on behalf of Mr. Williamson as his senior counsel, was imperfectly prepared to suggest any specific action either for the bench or for his client. His remarks were discursive; and, when invited to reduce his motion to writing, according to the rules and practice, he found difficulty in defining its terms. This led to an intimation on the part of the Judge, that, inasmuch as the opinion was in writing, and would be printed in the newspapers of the afternoon, it might be best for the counsel to examine its positions before submitting their motion. The idea was received courteously.

The question was asked whether the Court would be in session on one or another of days that were named; and the reply was given, that upon a note being left at the Clerk's office at any time, the Judge would be in attendance to hear and consider whatever motions the counsel might see proper to lay before him.

This was the last of the case. No motion was made; no further intimation given on the part of Mr. Williamson or his counsel of a wish to make one.

Commitments for contempt, like the contempts themselves, may be properly distributed in two classes. Either they are the punishments for an act of misconduct, or it is their object to enforce the performance of a duty. The confinement in the one case is for a fixed time, supposed to be commensurate with the offending; in the other it is without prescribed limitation, and is determined by the willingness of the party to submit himself to the law.

In the case of Mr. Williamson the commitment is for a refusal to answer; that is to say, to make a full and lawful answer to the writ of habeas corpus—an answer setting forth all the facts within his knowledge which are necessary to a decision by the Court "whether he had not the power to produce the negroes and control those in whose custody they were." He is now undergoing restraint, not punishment. Immediately after the opinion was read, he was informed, in answer to a remark from his counsel, that the commitment was "*during the contempt*"; the contempt of the party and the order of the Court consequent upon it determine together.

This is all that I conceive it necessary to say of the strictly judicial action in that case. The opinions announced by the Judge upon other points may perhaps be regarded as merely *dicta*. But it had appeared from the defendant's declarations when upon the stand, that he supposed Mr. Wheeler's slaves to have become free, and that this consideration justified his acting toward them as he had done. It seemed due to him that the Court, believing, as it did, those views to be incorrect, should not withhold an expression of its dissent from them. Several succinct positions were accordingly asserted by the Judge, two of which may invite a few additional remarks at this time.

"I know of no statute of Pennsylvania," the Judge said, "which affect to divest the rights of property of a citizen of North Carolina, acquired and asserted under the laws of that State, because he has found it needful or convenient to pass through the territory of Pennsylvania; and I am not aware that any such statute, if such a one were shown, could be recognised or valid in a Court of the United States."

The first of these propositions may be vindicated easily. By the common law, as it came to Pennsylvania, slavery was a familiar institution. Only six days after the first legislative assembly met in Philadelphia, and thirteen days before the great charter was signed, the Council was engaged in discussing a law "to prevent the escape of runaways"; and four days later it sat judicially, William Penn himself presiding, to enforce a contract for the sale of a slave (1 vol. Colonial Records, p. 63).* The counties of Newcastle, Kent and Sussex, which were at that time and for many years after annexed to Pennsylvania, and governed by the same law, continue to recognise slavery up to the present hour. It survived in our own Commonwealth, as a legally protected institution, until some time after the census of 1840: so cautiously did the act of 1780, for its gradual abolition among us, operate upon the vested interests of our own slave-owners.

That act excepted from the operation of its provisions the domestic slaves of delegates in Congress, of foreign ministers, of persons passing through, or *sojourning* in, the State, and *not becoming residents* therein, provided such slaves were not *detained* in the State longer than six months. The act of 1847 repealed so much of the act of 1780 as authorized masters and owners of slaves to bring and *retain* their slaves within the Commonwealth for the period of six months, or for any period of time whatever. But it did not affect to vary or rescind the right of slave-owners *passing through* our territory. It applied to persons *resident* and persons *sojourning*, who brought and sought to *retain* their slaves here; for over such persons and their rights of property the State had lawful dominion; but it left the right of transit for property and person, over which it had no jurisdiction, just as it was before, and as it stood under the Constitution of the United States and the law of nations.

This brings me to the second part of the position affirmed in the Court's opinion, namely, the right of a citizen of one State to pass freely with his slaves through the territory of another State, in which the institution of slavery is not recognised.

I need not say that before the compact of union was formed between the States, each of them was an absolutely sovereign and independent community; and that, except so far as their relations to each other and to foreign nations have been qualified by the Federal Constitution, each of them remains so. As such, it is bound by that great moral code, which, because of its universal obligation, is called the law of nations. What it could not do if freed from federative restrictions, it cannot do now: every restraint upon its policy which duty to other States would in that case involve binds it still, just as if the Union had been dissolved or had never been formed.

All the statists unite in regarding the right of transit for person and property through the territory of a friendly State as among those which cannot under ordinary circumstances be denied. *Vattel*, B. 2, ch. 10, § 132, 3, 4; *Puffendorf*, B. 3, ch. 3, § 5, 67; *Rutherf. Inst.*, B. 2, ch. 9; 1 *Kent Com.*, 33, 35. It is true that the right is not an unqualified one. The State may impose reasonable conditions upon its exercise, and exact guarantees against its abuse. But, subject to these limitations, it is the right of every citizen of a friendly State.

The right is the same and admits just the same qualifications as to person and to property. The same argument that denies the right of peacefully transmitting one's property through the territories of a State, refuses the right of passage to its owner. And the question what is to be deemed property in such case refers itself necessarily to the law of the State from which the citizen brings it. A different test would sanction the confiscation of property at the will of the sovereign through whose territory it seeks to pass. If one State may decree that there shall be no property, no right of ownership in human beings, another, in a spirit of practical philanthropy, only a little more energetic, may deny the protection of law to the products of slave labour; and a third may denounce a similar outlawry against all intoxicating liquids. And if the laws of a State can control the rights of property of strangers passing through its territory, then the sugar of New Orleans, the cotton of Carolina, the wines of Ohio, and the rum of New England may have their markets bounded by the States in which they are produced; and, without any change of reasoning, New Jersey may refuse to citizens of Pennsylvania the right of passing along her railroads to New York. The doctrine is one that was exploded in Europe more than four hundred and fifty years ago, and finds now, or found very lately, its parting illustration in the politics of Japan.

It was because, and only because, this right was acknowledged by all civilized nations, and had never been doubted among the American Colonies—because each Colony had at all times tendered its hospitalities freely to the rest, cherishing that liberal commerce which makes a brotherhood of interest even among alien States; it was because of this that no man in the convention or country thought of making the right of transit a subject of constitutional guaranty. Everything in and about the Constitution implies it. It is found in the object "to establish a more perfect union," in the denial to the States of the power to lay duties on imports, and in the reservation to Congress of the exclusive right to regulate commerce among the States.

This last power of the General Government, according to the repeated and well-considered decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, from Gibbons vs. Ogden, 9 Rep., to the passenger cases, 7 Howard, applies to intercourse as well as navigation, to the transportation of men as well as goods, of men who pass from State to State involuntarily, as men who pass voluntarily; and it excludes the right of any State to pass laws regulating, controlling, or *a fortiori*, prohibiting such intercourse or transportation. I do not quote the words of the eminent Judges who have affirmed this exposition of the Constitution; but it is impossible to read their elaborate opinions, as they are found in the reports, without recognising this as the fixed law of the United States.

It needs no reference to disputable annals to show that when the Constitution was formed, in 1787, slaves were recognised as property throughout the United States. The Constitution made them a distinct element in the distribution of the representative power and in the assessment of direct taxes. They were known and returned by the census three years afterward in sixteen out of seventeen States then embraced in the Union; and as late as the year 1830 they were found in every State of the original thirteen. How is it possible, then, while we assert the binding force of the Constitution by claiming rights under it, to regard slave property as less effectively secured by the provisions of that instrument than any other property which is recognised as such by the law of the owner's domicil? How can it be that a State may single out this one sort of property from among all the rest, and deny to it the right of passing over its soil—passing with its owner, parcel of his travelling equipment, as much so as the horse he rides on, his great coat, or his carpet-bag?

Yet no stranger may complain of this. Our constitutions and statutes are for ourselves, not for others. They reflect our sympathies, and define our rights. But as to all the rest of the world—those portions of it especially toward whom we are bound by the "supreme law" of the Federal Constitution—they are independent of our legislation, however wise or virtuous it may be, for they were not represented in our conventions and assemblies, and we do not permit them to legislate for us.

Whether any redress is provided by the existing laws of Pennsylvania for the citizen of another State whose slaves have escaped from him while he was passing through our territory, it is not my province to inquire. It is quite probable that he may be denied recourse to the courts, as much so as the husband, or father, or guardian, whose wife or child, or ward, has run away. He may find himself referred back to those rights which annex themselves inseparably to the relation he occupies, the rights of manucaption and detainer. These I apprehend that he may assert and exercise anywhere, and with such reasonable force as circumstances render necessary. And I do not suppose that the employment of such reasonable force could be regarded as a breach of the peace, or the right to employ it as less directly incident to his character of master than it might be to the corresponding character in either of the analogous relations. In a word, I adopt fully on this point the views so well enforced by Judge Baldwin in the case of Johnson vs. Tompkins, Baldw., 578, 9.

"The right of the master to arrest his fugitive slave is not a solitary case in the law. It may be exercised toward a fugitive apprentice or redemptioner to the same extent, and is done daily without producing any excitement. An apprentice is a servant, a slave is no more: though his servitude is for life, the nature of it is the same as apprenticeship or redemption, which, though terminated by time, is during its continuance as severe a servitude as that for life. Of the same nature is the right of a parent to the services of his minor children, which gives the custody of their persons. So, where a man enters bail for the appearance of a defendant in a civil action, he may seize his person at his pleasure, and commit him to prison; or if the principal escapes, the bail may pursue him to another State, arrest, and bring him back, by the use of all necessary force and means of preventing an escape. The lawful exercise of this authority in such cases is calculated to excite no sympathy; the law takes its course in peace and unnoticed. Yet it is the same power, and used in the same manner, as by a master over his slave. The right in such case is from the same source, the law of the land. If the enforcement of the right excite more feeling in one case than the other, it is not from the manner in which it is done, but the nature of the right which is enforced, property in a human being for life. If this is unjust and oppressive, the sin is on the makers of laws which tolerate slavery; to visit it on those who have honestly acquired and lawfully hold property under the guarantee and protection of the laws, is the worst of all oppression, and the rankest injustice toward our fellow-men. It is the indulgence of a spirit of persecution against our neighbours for no offense against society or its laws, but simply for the assertion of their own in a lawful manner.

"If this spirit pervades the country," he goes on to say, "if public opinion is suffered to prostrate the laws which protect one species of property, those who lead the crusade against slavery may at no distant day find a new one directed against their lands, their stores and their debts. If a master cannot retain the custody of his slave, apprentice or redemptioner, a parent must give up the guardianship of his children, bail have no hold upon their principal, the creditor cannot arrest his debtor by lawful means, and he who keeps the rightful owner of lands or chattels out of possession will be protected in his trespasses.

"When the law ceases to be the test of right and remedy; when individuals undertake to be its administrators by rules of their own adoption, the bands of society are broken as effectually by the severance of one link from the chain of justice which binds man to the laws as if the whole was dissolved. The more specious and seductive the pretexts are under which the law is violated, the greater ought to be the vigilance of courts and juries in their detection. Public opinion is a security against acts of open and avowed infringements of acknowledged rights; from such combinations there is no danger; they will fall by their own violence, as the blast expends its force by its own fury. The only permanent danger is in the indulgence of the humane and benevolent feelings of our nature at what we feel to be acts of oppression toward human beings endowed with the same qualities and attributes as ourselves, and brought into being by the same power which created us all; without reflecting that in suffering these feelings to come into action against rights secured by the laws we forget the first duty of citizens of a government of laws—obedience to its ordinances."

There was one other legal proposition affirmed in that opinion of this Court; but it cannot need argument. It was that the question, whether the negroes were or were not freed by their arrival in Pennsylvania, was irrelevant to the issue; inasmuch as whether they were freed or not, they were equally under the protection of the law, and the same obligation rested on Mr. Williamson to make a true and full return to the writ of habeas corpus. Simple and obvious as that proposition is, it covers all the judicial action in the case. The writ required him to produce the negroes, that the Court might pass upon his legal right to carry them off or detain them. What questions might arise afterward, or how they might be determined, was not for him to consider. His duty, then as now, was and is, to bring in the bodies; or, if they had passed beyond his control, to declare under oath or affirmation so far as he knew what had become of them; and from this duty, or from the constraint that seeks to enforce it, there can be no escape.

(See the argument of Sergeant Glynn and the remarks of Mr. Justice Gould, in the case of Mr. Wilkes, 2 Wils., 154.)

The application immediately before me hardly calls for these expanded remarks, though rightly considered, they bear upon most of the points that were elaborated in the argument upon the question of its reception. It purports to be a suggestion and petition from a person now in Massachusetts, who informs the Court that she is one of the negroes who escaped from Mr. Wheeler—that she did so by Mr. Williamson's counsel, and with the sanction of his presence and approval, but that he never detained her, nor has any one since, and that she has never authorized an application for the writ of habeas corpus in her behalf. Thereupon she presented to me certain reasons, founded, as she supposes, in law, wherefore I ought to quash the writ heretofore issued at the relation of Mr. Wheeler.

When application was made to me for leave to file this paper, I invited the learned council to advise me upon the question whether I could lawfully admit the intervention of their client. My thanks are due to them for the ability and courteous bearing with which they have discussed it. But I remain unconvinced.

The very name of the person who authenticates the paper is a stranger to any proceeding that is or has been before me. She asks no judicial action for herself, and does not profess to have any right to solicit action in behalf of another; on the contrary, her counsel here assure me expressly that Mr. Williamson has not sanctioned her application. She has therefore no *status* whatever in this Court.

Were she here as a party to abide its action she would have a right to be heard according to the forms of law; were she here as a witness, called by a party, her identity ascertained, she might be examined as to all facts supposed to be within her knowledge. But our records cannot be opened to every stranger who volunteers to us a suggestion as to what may have been our errors and how we may repair them.

I know that the writ of habeas corpus can only be invoked by the party who is restrained of liberty, or by some one in his behalf. I know, too, that it has been the reproach of the English Courts, that they have too willingly exacted proof, that the application was authorized by the aggrieved party, before permitting the writ to issue. But, as yet, the Courts of the United States have, I think, avoided this error. The writ issues here whenever it is shown by affidavit that its beneficent agency is needed. It would lose its best efficiency, if it could not issue without a petition from the party himself, or some one whom he had delegated to represent him. His very presence in court to demand the writ would, in some sort, negative the restraint which his petition must allege. In the most urgent cases, those in which delay would be disastrous, forcible abduction, secret imprisonment and the like, the very grievance under which he is suffering precludes the possibility of his applying in person or constituting a representative. The American books are full of cases—they are within the experience of every practitioner at the bar—in which the writ has issued at the instance of third persons, who had no other interest or right in the matter than what every man concedes to sympathy with the oppressed. I need only to refer to the case I have quoted from in 3 Mason, and the case of Stacey in 10 Johnson, for illustrations of this practice.

Of course, if it appears to the Court at any time that the writ was asked for by an intermeddling stranger, one who had no authority to intervene, and whose intervention is repudiated, the writ will be quashed. But it is for the defendant, to whom the writ is addressed, to allege a want of authority in the relator. The motion to quash cannot be the act of a volunteer. Still less can it come to us by a written suggestion from without our jurisdiction, in the name of the party who is alleged to be under constraint, and whose very denial that she is so, may be only a proof that the constraint is effectual.

I may add that I have examined all the authorities which were brought before me by the learned counsel: with most of them I was familiar before. But there is not one among them, which in my judgment conflicts with the views I have expressed.

The application to enter this paper among the records of the Court must therefore be refused.

On the conclusion of the delivery of the foregoing opinion (according to the telegraphic reports), John Cadwallader (a member of the Bar, but not engaged in this case), in order to remove a false impression from the public mind, said, from his recollection of the circumstances attending the commitment of Passmore Williamson, a proposition was made to amend the return to the writ, when Judge Kane replied:

"I will not receive an amendment now, but will be prepared to receive it when the record has been completed."

No such motion was subsequently made; and the public impression that permission to amend was refused is not warranted by facts.

Judge Kane replied that his (Mr. Cadwallader's) impression was correct. He had been prepared to receive a supplementary return from Mr. Williamson's counsel, but none had been offered.

Mr. Cadwallader suggested that an addition be made to the opinion of the Court, embracing the remarks of a member of the Bar not engaged in the case, and the reply of the Judge. He was induced to make the suggestion by the best feeling toward a worthy but mistaken man, hoping it might lead to the adoption of such a course as would end in his liberation.

Mr. Cadwallader is to embody the remarks he made, when the Judge will follow with his answer, so as to complete the record.

John M. Read, counsel for the petitioner, said he had listened with attention to the opinion, but it had failed to convince him that the petitioner and her children were not free the moment they touched the soil of Pennsylvania.

[By Telegraph.]

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1855.

Application has been made by the counsel of Passmore Williamson for permission to file an affidavit made by him. Judge Kane decided that the proper mode of procedure was to take a rule to show cause why such a paper should not be filed. The counsel refused to do this, and no further action was had.

A NUT OR TWO FOR JUDGE KANE TO CRACK.

From The Evening Post.

We trust the following communication, which is from the pen of one of the ablest lawyers in the United States, will have the effect, at least, of diminishing Judge Kane's confidence in his own judgment, if it does not satisfy him, as it will any impartial reader, that, upon his own showing, the imprisonment of Williamson for his return to the writ of *habeas corpus* directed to him was an absurdity as well as an outrage. We commend it particularly to the attention of members of the bar.

To the Editors of The Evening Post:

In common with every American citizen I have taken a deep interest in the action of Judge Kane in regard to Passmore Williamson, and am unwilling to admit the imputations, too freely made against him, of prostituting his judicial office to curry favour with any particular section of the Union.

Inasmuch as his action has placed him on trial before the bar of public opinion, all he says in justification of such action is entitled to grave consideration. I am therefore much obliged by the insertion in your paper of the extracts from his opinion, for the reasons of the decision he arrived at upon the petition for the discharge of Mr. Williamson. And after carefully reading it, I confess myself somewhat at fault in comprehending the logical consistency of the Judge in several particulars, which, with your permission, I will point out.

I find no difficulty in understanding that every Court must have the inherent right of protecting itself against insult and aggression, and of punishing, by attachment, any violation of such right. The right of the Courts, also, to compel, by *habeas corpus*, a person or persons having the custody of a human being, alleged to be unlawfully restrained of his liberty, to bring such human being before the Court, and to show cause, if any exist, why such being should not be restored to his liberty, I fully comprehend. But I have never understood that the process of *habeas corpus* could be issued by a Court to bring a chattel before it for the purpose of adjudication upon its ownership; or to bring a person to be tried for any cause whatever, much less condemned by original sentence to any punishment of loss of liberty, or pecuniary fine, or otherwise. And this brings me to the trouble I find in the logical consistency of the Judge's positions as justifications of his acts.

First—The Judge assumes and decides, that for the purpose of the proceeding before him the slave was to be considered as a chattel—as much so as if she were a bale of cotton—that such property belonged to Mr. Wheeler, who had been deprived of it by the act of Mr. Williamson.

If this be so, will you please inform me by what authority or precedent the Court could bring the property before it by *habeas corpus* for adjudication.

Second—In a subsequent part of the opinion the Judge seemed to abandon the ground of the slave being a chattel—admits her to be a human being, and, as alleged, deprived of her liberty by Mr. Williamson. That, therefore, Mr. Wheeler, as a friend, desirous of having her restored to liberty, of which she was unjustly deprived, applied to the Court for a *habeas corpus*.

The *habeas corpus*, upon this hypothesis, seems reasonable enough.

But I don't see what force Mr. Wheeler's *property*, in the person whom Williamson was then unjustly depriving of her liberty, can have to do with the master. The only questions on the *habeas corpus* were, whether the human being was illegally deprived of her liberty, and if so, by whom; not whether Mr. Williamson had wrongfully taken Mr. Wheeler's chattels.

The Judge seems to deny that the slave has any standing in Court. I confess this greatly perplexes and surprises me. The application was made on her behalf by her next friend, she, as the Judge supposes, by reason of her confinement, being unable to make the application in person.

The wrongs or injuries to her rights, and not to Mr. Wheeler's, set the Court in motion. And it appears to me strange, indeed, that a party, whose private rights a Court is engaged in protecting, has no voice in the proceeding; but must, contrary to his wishes, and when he insists no wrong has been done, submit to any action which the Court, before whom he was brought through the intervention of a person calling himself a friend, but who, in fact, the party considers his worst enemy, may, in the plentitude of its benevolence, or its stern determination to right all wrongs, think proper to take.

It appears to me, the application, if approved by the woman, became her application *ab initio*, and if her first action in Court was a repudiation of the application, such repudiation must have the same retroactive effect.

The right of repudiating the impertinent interference in one's affairs of a person, who, though actuated by benevolent motives, shall assume to be one's friend, and in the same form where such interference took place, I should think, must be clear. Let me suppose a case. Suppose some honest but mistaken lover of freedom should imagine that Franklin Pierce was unjustly deprived of liberty of action by Jefferson Davis and others, and should apply for a *habeas corpus* to have the President brought before the Court; that the Court should issue the writ, as it would be bound to do; that Davis should return on oath that the President was not in his custody, which the Court, as well as many others, should believe to be false, and should, therefore, commit *Davis for contempt in not swearing to the truth*. As this proceeding, in contemplation of the law, was solely for the benefit of the President, would he not have the right to come into Court by petition, and say that Davis had sworn to the truth, and that the proof upon which the Court had condemned Davis was itself false, and should not the Court, on the plainest principles of justice, discharge Davis, although he should for any cause decline to humbly beg for what clearly belonged to him?

Your satisfactory explanation of these matters will much oblige a CONSTANT READER.

From The Tribune.

LAMENTATION

OF A BOSTON STRAIGHT-OUT WHIG, AT THE APPROACH OF THE NOVEMBER ELECTION.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of free Soil triumphs, Whig defeats, and things much worse, we fear;
Thick heaped around we strew the ground, politically dead,
While in our place at Washington the wild fanatics tread.
Mild Everett's flown, calm Walley's gone, our Winthrop's passed away,
While *The Courier* and *The Daily* croak, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the Whigs—the bright young Whigs—that lately round us stood,
Upon the safe official line—a beauteous brotherhood?
Alas! they're out of office all; that gentle-spoken race
Are in their stores and offices, with no more chance of place.
Election comes as usual, with its cold November rain,
But can't call back to public life these gentle ones again.

Charles Sumner took our Winthrop's seat—alas! 'tis long ago—
And the Coalition swept the State, and bade our Governor go;
But in Boston still we chose our Mayor, and State street held its own,
And Lowell factories gave the State a healthy moral tone—
Till the fatal Know-Nothings came down, as falls the plague on men,
And Anson went to Congress—and we never smiled again.

Now, when protection-bills are passed—for still such bills will come—
To guard each Massachusetts man within his northern home,
When Harvard drops our lecturer, and refuses her degree
To those who vote for catching slaves, though "our first men" they be—
Even Sumner is esteemed by those whose curses late he bore,
Since General Wilson's at his side, whom we hate a great deal more.

And then we think of one who in his disappointment died,
Who, till the fatal seventh of March, had been a nation's pride—
In the cold damp earth we laid him, when October dropt the leaf,
And we mourned he was not

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 9th, 1855.

To the Editors of The Standard.

THERE seem to be various movements towards religious freedom, in different parts of the world—movements the tendency of which is to promote free thought and unrestricted investigation; and perhaps it may not be uninteresting to your readers to know something of the Sunday meetings in this city, called the "Market Hall Discussions," from the fact that they are held in Market Hall. These meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock and continuing until 4. The chairman, appointed at the previous meeting, calls the meeting to order, reads a chapter from the Scriptures, and gives out a hymn, which is sung in the democratic way, as many of the congregation joining in the exercise as feel disposed to do so. A prayer is then offered by some one present, after which the question under consideration is announced, and the discussion commences. Questions of a religious character are always selected. The speakers are allowed each ten minutes, and all are permitted to give their own views and thoughts upon the subject, however widely they may differ from those generally received as true. The questions are selected by the votes of the audience, thus making it, in all respects, a democratic affair.

These meetings have now been in existence, if I mistake not, some three years, and the attendance upon them is generally quite large—much, if I judge rightly, above the average attendance at our largest churches.

It is curious and entertaining, as may well be conceived, to sit and listen to the free expression of sentiments from such a variety of minds as these meetings attract. We have almost every shade of opinion represented—Catholic, Unitarian, Methodist, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Spiritual, &c. Yet, harmony and good order uniformly prevail. Those who take part in the meetings seem generally men of candid minds, and those who seek really to learn more of truth. The question which has been under consideration for some time past is, "What is the True Church, and has it an Organization?" There were many interesting thoughts brought out by the discussion of this question; and there seemed to be a general sentiment on the part of all, if we except those adhering to Rome, that, "in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him," and is a member of the one and only true Church, whether known by this name or that name, or by none at all. It was also generally held that this church has not what may be called an organization. The question now under consideration is, whether "Ordinances and Ceremonies were prescribed by the Head of the Church, and, if so, whether they are indispensable to a Christian life?"

To me, Messrs. Editors, these meetings are ominous of good. Those who believe in the eternal nature of truth, it seems to me, will not fear to have free investigation become the order of the day. If the venerable creeds and time-honoured philosophies, which we have so long regarded as correct, are false, or intermixed with error, let us find it out, and build our house upon the Rock of Truth. It seems to me that these meetings approach nearer to true Christian democracy than any other Sunday meetings in our city; and I should be glad to hear of others springing up in different parts of the country. I believe that there are many places where meetings of this kind would meet a real want, and would be sustained. I want to see *the people* take this matter of religion into their own hands. Those who have managed it heretofore have prostituted it to the vile purposes of upholding oppression and outrage; they have "passed by on the other side," leaving humanity wounded and half dead by the wayside; and I want now to see the spirit of democracy infused into it. Let us each and all take hold of it, and see if religion is not a living and breathing reality, with a vital soul and a throbbing heart—a principle, and more than a name. Yours for Freedom, FAITH.

MANNERS OF A SLAVEHOLDER.

WE have had many illustrations of Southern courtesy and chivalry, but the following epistle from the Governor-elect of the Old Dominion is a gem of unrivalled brilliancy. Such are the *masters* to whom the freemen of the North bow in subservient homage! Is it any wonder, in view of passing events, that those masters grow more and more insolent toward their vassals? The letter is italicised according to the author's manuscript:

ONLY, near Onancock, Accomack County, Va., }
Friday, Oct. 5, 1855. }

GENTLEMEN: On my return home, after an absence of some days, I found yours of the 19th ult., "respectfully inviting me to deliver one of the lectures of the Course on Slavery, at Tremont Temple, in the city of Boston, on Thursday evening, Jan. 19, 1856; or if that time will not suit my engagements, you request that I will mention at once what Thursday evening, between the middle of December and the middle of March next, will best accommodate me."

Now, gentlemen, I desire to pay you due respect, yet you compel me to be very plain with you, and to say that your request, in every sense, is insulting and offensive to me. *What* subject of slavery have *you* "*initiated lectures*" upon? I cannot conceal it from myself that you have undertaken *in Boston, to discuss and to decide* whether *my property in Virginia* ought to remain mine or not, and whether it should be allowed the protection of laws, Federal and State, wherever it may be carried or may escape in the United States; or whether it shall be destroyed by a Higher Law than Constitutions and Statutes?

Who are *you* to assume thus *such a jurisdiction* over a subject so delicate, and already fixed in its relations by a solemn compact between the States, and by States which are sovereign? I will not obey your summons, nor recognize your jurisdiction.

You have no authority and no justification for thus calling *me* to account at the bar of *your* tribunal and for thus arraigning an institution, established by laws which do not reach you, and which you cannot reach, by calling on me to defend it.

You send me a card to indicate the *character of the lecturers* [of the last year]. It reads: "Admit the bearer and lady to the Independent Lectures on Slavery. Lecture Committee, S. G. Howe, T. Gilbert, Geo. F. Williams, Henry T. Parker, W. Washburn, B. B. Mussey, W. B. Spooner, J. W. Stone." It is indorsed: "Lectures at the Tremont Temple, Boston, 1854-5. Nov. 23, Hon. Charles Sumner; Rev. John Pierpont, poem. Dec. 7, Hon. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio. Dec. 14, Hon. Anson Burlingame. Dec. 21, Wendell Phillips, Esq. Dec. 28, Cassius M. Clay, Esq., of Kentucky. Jan. 4, Hon. Horace Greeley. Jan. 11, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Jan. 18, Hon. John P. Hale. Jan. 25, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq. Feb. 8, Hon Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr. Feb. 15, Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio. Feb. 22, Hon. Samuel Houston, of Texas. March 1, Hon. David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania. March 8, Hon. Charles W. Upham." All *Honourables* and Squires except those who are *Reverends!*

The card does verily indicate their characters by simply naming them. And your letter, gentlemen, is franked by "C. Sumner, U. S. S." With these characteristics, I am at no loss to understand you and your purposes.

You say, "during the next season, a larger number of gentlemen from the South will be invited," &c. &c. I regret it, if any others can be found in the slaveholding States to accept your invitation. You plead the example of Gen. Houston. It is the last I would follow. I have no doubt you accorded very respectful attention to him last winter, and were very grateful for his service in your cause.

You offer "one hundred and fifty dollars to be paid to the lecturer, he bearing his own expenses." Let me tell you that Tremont Temple cannot hold wealth enough to purchase one word of discussion from me *there*, whether *mine, here, shall be mine or not;* but I am ready to *volunteer*, without money and without price, to suppress any insurrection and repel any invasion which threatens or endangers the State Rights of Virginia, or my individual rights under the laws and constitutions of my country, or the Sacred Union, which binds slave States and free together in *one bond of National Confederacy, and in separate bonds of Independent Sovereignties.*

In short, gentlemen, I will *not* deliver one of the lectures of the course on slavery, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, on Thursday evening, January 10, 1856; and there will be no Thursday evening between the middle of December and the middle of March next, or between that and *Doomsday*, which will best accommodate me for that purpose.

I give you an *immediate* answer, and at my earliest convenience indicate to you that "the particular phase of the subject that I will present" is—deliberately, *to fight if we must.* Your obedient servant, HENRY A. WISE.

To the Committee.

KIDNAPPERS DISCOVERED.—We find the following in the New Lisbon (O.) *Aurora:*

"For some time past there has been kidnapping going on about Chambersburg, Pa., and it was lately ascertained that the kidnappers were two men named Warden and Gross, who decoyed negroes to retired spots beyond the town, clapped them into a carriage and drove them speedily over the Maryland line. A trap was laid for them last week, into which they fell without suspicion, a strange negro being used as a decoy duck, and, just ast they were about to run him off, they were beset by a crowd of negroes who were hidden in the neighbourhood. Gross made good his escape, and Warden was discharged on his own recognizance, after a hearing before a Justice. The last that was heard of the two gentlemen, they were making good time for Maryland, where they intend to remain, out of harm's way. Both of these kidnappers, it seems, were members of the Know-Nothing Council in Chambersburg. The *Repository*, of that place, says:

"'There were two withdrawals from President Stumbaugh's Council here last week. Messrs. Geo. Gross and James Warden withdrew clear across the Maryland line, to escape a prosecution for kidnapping. They were consistent members of the great "Constitutional, Anti-Slavery, American party" of Franklin County, of which the *Transcript* is the organ.'"

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 16th, 1855.

THE mystery attending the application of Jane Johnson to have the proceedings in the case of Wheeler vs. Williamson set aside, which has puzzled us not a little for ten days past, has at length emerged a little more into the light. Those who hoped that Judge Kane, becoming tired of the uncenviable position in which he stands, had instigated the proceedings in order that he might, with a show of magnanimity, retrace his steps, have been bitterly disappointed. I had little faith that this was his motive, and yet I could not but hope that he was not entirely deaf to the cry, "Kane, where is thy brother?" It is so hard to give up one's faith in the "never-completely out-trampled divine" in every human being, that though I expressed the fear that Judge Kane would not yield his grasp upon his victim, there was a faint twilight of hope that he would. And now we smile a melancholy smile at our credulity in trusting for a moment that he would separate himself from his idols.

I do not now doubt that the proceedings were instigated by Judge Kane, or those in his confidence, and that some of Mr. Williamson's friends have been led to believe that if the evidence which came before Judge Kelly could be formally brought before him, he would review his decision and release the prisoner. Judge Kane wanted some pretext for coming before the people. He has, doubtless, felt keenly the scathing indignation of the community, legal as well as lay, and has thirsted for an opportunity to vindicate himself. Such an opportunity he may fancy he has now. He has had now two months and more to investigate the grounds of his opinion, itself the result of a week's deliberation and consultation. He has had the benefit of many searching reviews of it, if he has condescended to notice them, and yet in his recent plea—for it is nothing less—he does not meet the heaviest charge made against it. He seeks by a display of legal lore to make it appear that the jurisdiction of the United States Courts is not a matter fixed definitely by the Constitution, but is as wide as the Common Law. So thoroughly has the spirit of despotism taken hold of his nature that he can see no salvation for the rights of the citizen, save in the slavery-controlled power of the General Government. Centralization, which in the eyes of the early Democrats of this country was the rock upon which our liberties were to founder, is to him the corner-stone of our salvation. Without this power, that the liberty of the citizen when beyond the State of his domicil would be without protection, is the clear inference from Judge Kane's argument. And he is, perhaps, right, for he seems to conceive that the only valuable right of a citizen is the liberty of carrying his slaves wherever he goes. But, I have always supposed if a Virginian or a North Carolinian is either assaulted or illegally held in restraint, that our State Courts were quite able and entirely willing to give him redress. We need not be surprised to see our Federal Court soon assuming the functions of our County Quarter Sessions, and trying cases of pocket-picking, assault and battery, &c., &c., when any of our chivalric Southern brethren are involved in such difficulties.

The Judge is animated by the holiest love for the writ of habeas corpus. He becomes eloquent in its praises. His voice trembles with emotion as he expatiates on its universality and inalienability. "It is the birth-right of every man within the borders of the States; like the right to air, and water, and motion, and thought, rights imprescriptible and above all legislation and caprice." One would think the man was defending himself from a charge of having allowed his love of liberty to persuade him into a disregard of positive law, and that he was showing that much must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty. And again, "There is no writ so important and so little liable be abuse. At the worst, in the hands of a corrupt or ignorant Judge, it may release some one from restraint who should justly have remained bound. But it deprives no one of freedom and divests no right." Is it possible to believe that such words were uttered by one who had sought to thrust three human beings into hopeless slavery, and because he had been foiled in his infernal purpose, had ruthlessly torn their deliverer from home and friends and liberty? As I grow older my idea of the capacity of human nature becomes enlarged. It is a sublime sight to see one lift himself above all debasing and selfish influences and give himself up to God and humanity. I feel myself exalted when I call such a man brother. But how deep we may sink! And yet we must acknowledge the brotherhood. As I came out of that Court-room, on Friday last, I felt our common manhood more dishonoured by Judge Kane than by the drunkard wallowing in the gutter. The man could utter such words without a blush! How is it that his tongue did not blister as he pronounced them?

If he makes it appear that he had the right to issue the writ, he does not yet vindicate himself from the charge of flagrant tyranny. However wrong the conduct of Passmore Williamson may have appeared in his judgment, if he had not been a willing tool of slavery and by his own nature a tyrant, he would have given him what every man has a right to demand, a trial by his peers. The assumption of an absolute power to punish indefinitely whether the accused be innocent or guilty, shows the merciless temper of the man. But one must not specify points illustrative of this quality. The whole document is full of them. See with what pertinacity he insists on Passmore Williamson's control and superintendence of a carefully laid plan to wrest these negroes from the happy state of slavery and forcibly emancipate them. The Judge's golden chains rest so gently on him, he is such a well-fed, well-clad, contented slave, that he can't conceive of one revolting at the lash and gladly accepting the proffered boon of freedom. No! Jane Johnson must have been abducted. So strong does his own nature plead against any noble longing for liberty, that he will not believe the reiterated testimony of the woman herself, and a host of corroborating witnesses. The coolness with which he assumes perjury in every one, save his friend Wheeler, would be ridiculous if it were it not so monstrously wicked.

The Judge seemed quite indignant that Jane Johnson was not brought into Court, and with a logic quite as dishonourable to his understanding as his whole conduct is to his heart, pretended to believe that because she had appeared in Judge Kelley's Court, she might have been produced in his presence. He gives to Mr. Williamson an importance that is not his due. He puts him at the head of the riot, as he called it, which abducted Jane Johnson, and still thinks she is absolutely under his control. He talks as if she were still a slave and had only changed masters. No! Judge Kane, much as you wish, slavery is not yet thoroughly established in Pennsylvania, and when the work is done which you have commenced, you will find Passmore Williamson not the man to play the slave master. If he could, he would not put Jane Johnson in your power, to save himself from a life-long imprisonment.

This plea of Judge Kane's shows clearly what he only vaguely intimated before, that had the slaves been brought before him they would have been remanded to slavery. And yet he tells Passmore Williamson that his duty was and now is, to produce their bodies in Court, that he may decide upon their condition. And one would suppose from his manner that he expected him to comply with his command. Is not his a most unfathomable nature?

The latter part of his decision, in which he gives his interpretation of the law of 1847, and denies to any State the right to prohibit the transit of slaves through it, invites criticism, but I have not time to do it justice. How the heart of Senator Toombs must rejoice as he reads this decision and sees in near perspective his slaves surrounding Bunker Hill Monument, while he calls the roll to see that no one is missing. Even with the help of Judge Kane, I doubt whether Toombs would like to try the experiment, but if Independence Hall would answer his purpose, there is little doubt that it is at his service. Judge Kane would be happy to act as guard.

We grow indignant at this new outrage upon our rights, our anger flames with additional violence that it is in spite of our laws. Yet how is it worse than restoring a fugitive slave? Should the existence of a law make any difference in our feelings? Is not Pennsylvania as much a slave State when she allows fugitives to be apprehended in our midst, as when she permits travelling Southerners to pass through with their slaves?

Our election is looked upon by the Democrats as a verdict in favour of Pierce and Judge Kane. It cannot be interpreted in that way by any reasonable man. It may have been a verdict against the liquor law passed by the last Legislature. Thousands of the opponents of the Administration voted the whole Democratic ticket on account of their repugnance to T[illegible]perance. Even with this accession to the Democratic ranks, it is quite doubtful whether Plummer has majority. There is a very large scattering vote, and if no attempt at Fusion had been made, there would have been a majority of thousands against the Democratic nominee. In Ohio, the contest was different, and when Pennsylvania is brought out upon a test vote like that of Ohio, I think she will be found by her side. C.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent grieveth for his silence and why.—A truce to the Shoutings.—Governor Gardner's views as to Conventions.—Circumstances alter cases.—His unanimous nomination.—Mr. Greatheart and the twin Giants.—The Correspondent giveth himself the lie.—But he disclaimeth the imputation of Know-Nothingism, notwithstanding.—The Ethics of Lying.—He shrinketh from Scandalum Magnatum.—Prospects of parties.—The Correspondent denieth that he is a Whig.—He describeth the Whig party, its Marshal and its doings.—He rejoiceth in hope.—He narrateth and lamenteth a cruel Disappointment.—And rebuketh Fanatic.—And telleth of the Dorchester troubles.—He censureth Mr. Hall and openeth the doctrine of the Pulpit, &c., &c.

BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1855.

I AM really sorry I did not write to you last week. For I have had plenty of things to write about, and now that I have got my artillery into position, I am afraid I shall find that I have forgotten my ammunition. I know a great many things, tellable and hearable, have happened since I wrote three weeks ago, but, as a man might say who believed in Capital Punishment, I'll be hanged if they have not all gone clean out of my head. Let me see. I think that I had just come fresh from the Republican Convention at Worcester when I wrote last, where I left them all *shouting-happy*. I am afraid their bliss and their shoutings have been somewhat dampened by the events which have occurred since then. It was hoped and believed that Gov. Gardner would hold himself bound by the decision of the Convention, inasmuch as he had allowed his friends to go into it and do their best to get its voice for him. But it seems they had mistaken their man. It depended on how the Convention behaved, whether he would stand by its action or not. Had it nominated him, there is reason to hope that he would have regarded it as a marvellous proper Convention. But inasmuch as it came and went and set up Mr. Rockwell, it was another matter entirely. So, as it had forfeited the good opinion of His Excellency by this extraordinary and unexpected conduct, it could not expect that he should countenance its proceedings. And when the Know-Nothings met to devise ways and means for the protection of the defenceless Yankees from the assaults of Paddyism and of Popedom, they could think of nothing better than to set Governor Gardner against them in the field as their champion. And he was prevailed upon to accept this service, in view of the emergency of the case. He was nominated almost unanimously in a Convention which, I am told, rose superior to the usual prejudices which shackle such-like bodies, and allowed anybody to vote, without regard to the vulgar considerations of delegateship. So that a nomination of a most gratifying unanimity was secured, which only needs to be confirmed by a majority of the people, to secure to us the protection of Mr. Greatheart Gardner against the threats of Giant Pope and Giant Pat for a twelvemonth!

I said a *majority*; but, as John Randolph used to say, I *lied*, for it only takes a *plurality* now. This is the first year that we have deviated from the old rule of a majority, and it remains to be seen how it is going to work. I am afraid that it will prove the destruction of all small parties, which must of necessity be the best ones. But when I say, as above, in a Randolphian sense, that I *lie*, I beg not to be understood as acknowledging myself to be a member of the Know-Nothing party of this State. The unfriends of that organization so affirm that the particular thing of which it Knows Nothing, by way of eminence, is *the Truth*. And very severe things are said of very eminent members of that party on this score. But as there is nothing from which I shrink so sensitively as speaking evil of persons in authority, I shall not be more specific at present. To be sure, Mr. Senator Wilson did write a letter, and afterwards made a speech at Worcester in which he charged Gov. Gardner and sundry of his political friends with having done what the Houyhnhms, according to Captain Lemuel Gulliver, had no name for in their language, and could only describe by the perephrastic circumlocution of "saying the thing that is not." And there are men so lost to all sense of decency and propriety as to say that he not only made the charges but proved them, too. But I resolutely reject all such imputations, as simple impossibilities. I understand that the Gardner party have, or say they have (between which two things there are who take a difference) strong hopes of electing their man. But the general feeling, I think, is, that his nomination will ensure only to the advantage of Mr. Beach, the candidate of Rum and Democracy.

And though I spoke, just now, in approval of Small Parties, as a general thing, I hope I shall not therefore be supposed to be a Whig. The Whig party, thank God! promises to be the smallest party ever seen in this State, yet, for many a year; but I would not be understood as endorsing its character, on that account. It is small, indeed, and it is to be hoped that it will grow smaller and smaller until there is less left of it than there was of the Kilkenny cats, after their celebrated combat. Indeed, there is nothing more left of it now—for it is only the *tail* of the once rampant beast that is yet extant. And even this, I trust, will be trampled and *squelched* out of existence at the next election. They went up to Worcester the other day, the Boston delegation appropriately marshalled by the Hero of the Burns Campaign, the pharmaceutical Major-General Edmands. And, indeed, it was not a bad choice, as it was such a very nauseous drug that was to be manipulated. He did up the prescription, however, very sufficiently and delivered the same at Worcester according to order. There were persons weak enough to suppose that the Whigs would adjourn without making a nomination, on the ground that Mr. Rockwell was a good enough Whig for their purpose. But such innocents, if such there were, were doomed to speedy massacre, for the Whigs went to Worcester for anything rather than that. Had they ever had any sincerity in the talk they have made, at certain times, about their opposition to the encroachments of Slavery, they would have been glad of the opportunity of helping carry out their doctrines. But as those men never had any sincere opposition to Slavery, but rather liked to be kicked by it than otherwise, and only made the vapourings they have from the wish to obtain power by false pretences, of course they would choose a line of action which would tend to strengthen the candidate of Slavery. All the best part of the Whigs, even in Boston, had gone into the Republican Movement, so that the men who went to Worcester had the satisfaction of taking the pro-slavery ground they have always loved at heart.

You will sympathize deeply with our gallant friends of the Sims Brigade and the Burns Guard in a most cruel disappointment they have experienced last week. A well-authenticated story that there was a slave to be run down in our harbour, had filled their patriotic breasts with hopes of another day of glory and another taste of Uncle Sam's blood-money. I know no particulars of this heart-rending affair other than you have seen in the newspapers. A slave who had secreted himself on board a Boston bound vessel had been taken out of it and put on board one soon to sail for the port where he had left his happiness behind him, a process was actually out to secure his due return to his abandoned felicity when, by some *hocus pocus* or other of those pestilent fellows who delight in trampling on the best feelings of Our First Men, he was conjured out of the way and has been seen and heard of no more. Such outrages cannot be sufficiently condemned. Besides the injury done to the man himself in robbing him of the privileges of that condition of which, or the papers lie, a Maid of Honour to Her Majesty Queen Victoria is soon to sing the charms, they also deprive a large body of gallant fellows the chance of another glorious field and two dollars for it, to boot. And then to think of the Commissioner's losing his Ten Dollars, besides! It is really too much. Something must be done to put these fellows down. Such cruel disappointments as these are more than flesh and blood, as commonly tempered, can bear. It is rumoured, but I do not vouch for the fact, that the armories of the different companies are to be hung in mourning and their colours to be shrouded in crape for the next six months, as a testimony of their natural grief at missing such a chance of glory. I merely give this for what it is worth. Any one desirous of ascertaining its truth can easily satisfy himself by a personal inspection of the same.

I told you some time ago of the disturbance occasioned in Dorchester, by what the Boston *Post* very justly described as "a most terrible Abolition Prayer," by the Rev. Mr. Hall, on the occasion of the celebration of the settlement of the town. You would be shocked to hear that this gentleman, regardless of what is due to tender souls, has not been improved in his deportment by the just censures he then received. He even had a young gentleman of the name of Frothingham to supply his pulpit, who preached such terrible Abolition sermons as drove several of the rulers of the synagogue out of it. Yea, this young Sampson shook the very pillars of the Church and came near bringing it down about the ears of all concerned. This brought out a Letter to Mr. Hall from a Mr. Nahum Capen, a sometime phrenological bookseller of this city, who set forth the true doctrine of the American Church and sought to lead the erring Pastor back into the right way. I have no room to give any sketch of this theological work. It is enough to say that it met with the unqualified approbation of that eminently pious print the Boston *Post*. I grieve to say that this brought out a sermon from Mr. Hall, in which he maintained the heresies he has imbibed as to the Pulpit. He does not seem to understand that the business of a Minister is only that of a dry-nurse, to rock the cradle below him so as to put the babes in grace therein comfortably asleep. The pulpit is merely a comfortable nurse-chair in which he may sit while engaged in this duty. He may sometimes, when the children are more wakeful than usual, tell them some pretty stories to amuse them, but on no account, to snub or find fault with them. Any nurse presuming to do anything of this sort must expect to be dismissed at very short notice. I am told, though I can hardly think so ill of human nature, that this sermon has had the effect of reconciling his congregation to his sinful courses, and that nearly the whole of them will stand by them. I can scarcely believe the story. If true, it is only a fresh confirmation of the doctrine of Total and Universal Depravity, which some heretics in these parts, in the face of all that is going on before their eyes, pretend to doubt! D. Y.

POLITICS.

INDIANA has chosen a Legislature, a majority of whose members are sham Democrats. This result is said to be owing chiefly to the unpopularity of the Prohibitory law. The Republicans assert with confidence that they will carry the State at the Presidential election next Autumn.

——CALIFORNIA has gone over from the sham Democracy to the Know Nothings. It is thought that Hon. Henry S. Foote, late of Mississippi, has a chance of being elected to the United States Senate, where he will again confront John P. Hale. Think of "hangman Foote" as Senator from a *Free* State!

——PENNSYLVANIA, owing to the want of concert among the opponents of the Nebraska fraud, has taken her place in the ranks of the Sham Democracy. Plummer, the candidate of that party for Canal Commissioner (the only State office filled at the election this year), is chosen by a plurality not far from 10,000. If the votes against Plummer had been cast for one candidate, that candidate would have been chosen. Passmore Williamson, though his name was withdrawn, was extensively voted for in some localities. The Legislature is largely Democratic, ensuring the election of Bigler, or some other supple tool of the slaveholders, to the United States Senate. Alas for Pennsylvania! will she never break her chains? Must she always wear the mark of *Kane* upon her brow?

——OHIO has chosen Salmon P. Chase for Governor by about 20,000, and the other candidates on the Republican State ticket by about 40,000 majority. Mr. Chase was particularly obnoxious to many Whigs otherwise well inclined toward the Republican movement, and also to the Know-Nothings, and having been assailed during the whole canvass as a Disunionist, an Amalgamationist, &c. &c., his majority is less than that of any other person on the ticket. His election in spite of all these adverse influences is a signal triumph for his party, and, so far as any movement organized under the present United States Constitution *can* well be so, a triumph for freedom. The Legislature is about three-fourths Republican, ensuring the reelection of Hon. B. F. Wade to the U. S. Senate.

NEW YORK CENTRAL COLLEGE.

THIS institution is a regularly chartered College, and has been open for students the last six years. It is unsectarian in its character. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself" is the Christianity here inculcated and practiced. Its course of study is equal to that of any College, and all classes are admitted to its privileges. Ladies enjoy equal advantages with gentlemen. It is the only College in the State to which coloured youth are admitted. Here they are are freely received and the means of gaining a thorough education placed within their reach. It is also a Manual Labour school. Students are encouraged to spend a portion of their time in useful employment. There is a farm of one hundred acres codnected with the school, the labour of which is performed by the students. Thus it has three distinct features, viz.: It is a Manual Labour school, educating its youth with true ideas of Labour; it opens its doors to the coloured man, and thus opposes the spirit of caste and prejudice; it offers equal advantages to both sexes, fitting all alike for the faithful discharge of life's duties. It has received no appropriation from the State nor endowments from the wealthy, yet it stands and is rapidly gaining influence. That it may sooner rise and be placed upon a sure foundation, we ask aid from all who can sustaiu such principles as this institution is based upon. It is located at McGrawville, in Cortland County, near the Syracuse and Binghamton Railroad, half way between these places.

There are three terms in a year. The next term commences Dec. 13th. METCALF J. SMITH,
Professor in Central College.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOIREE AT GLASGOW.—We find in the last number of *The* [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* the following paragraph from the *North British Daily Mail:*

"On Thursday evening, the 6th inst., an interesting meeting took place in connection with the cause of emancipation. Professor and Mrs. Nichol's having invited a large party of ladies and gentlemen belonging to the Anti-Slavery Society to tea at the Observatory, to meet several distinguished strangers at present guests with them, was the occasion of the assembly. About six o'clock the company began to arrive, and were cordially received and introduced by the Professor and his amiable family. After tea had been served, the party adjourned to the capacious library. After some suitable observations, Professor Nichol proposed that James Turner, Esq., of Thrushgrove, should preside, and amid hearty acclamations that veteran reformer took the chair. Mr. Parker Pillsbury, of Concord, United States, agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, was then introduced to the meeting, and gave a long and interesting account of the anti-slavery cause in America. At the conclusion of his address, an interesting conversation took place. Several questions were proposed to and answered by Mr. Pillsbury, in regard to certain misrepresentations which had been circulated in this country in reference to the mode of operations of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Rev. George Jeffry, of Londonroad, Rev. Mr. Scott, Messrs. William Smeal, Ebenezer Anderson, and Andrew Paton, with other gentlemen, took part. After spending a very agreeable evening, the numerous company began to retire about ten o'clock, all much pleased with the proceedings, and expressing their decided determination to assist the American Society to a still greater extent in promoting the cause of emancipation in the United States."

PARKER PILLSBURY.—An excellent letter from this faithful and beloved advocate of the cause, copied from *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, will be found on the first page. We improve the opportunity afforded by this reference to publish the following paragraph from *The* [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for October, which conveys the latest intelligence of Mr. Pillsbury's movements and plans:

"Since Mr. Pillsbury's return from a trip to the Continent in the summer, his time has been chiefly spent in Bristol, Manchester and Glasgow. He had intended returning to America in the present month; but as he is better known, his work expands before him, he finds that his presence is both needful and acceptable, and he has consented to remain on this side of the Atlantic till next year. The opinion of his friends at home and in England has helped him to come to this conclusion. Both for the sake of the cause, and for the benefit of a winter spent in a milder climate than that of his native New England, they think he had better remain a while longer here.

"Since we last made any special mention of his proceedings, Mr. Pillsbury delivered a lecture to a numerous meeting, chiefly of the working classes, at Preston, the Rev. A. Birnie in the chair; another at Bury; and a third in the chapel of the Rev. M. Crosskeys, Glasgow. He greatly stimulates the zeal of those who have the pleasure of his society in the social circle; and he loses no opportunity which may be open to him through the public press, of promoting the interests of that cause to which his life has been consecrated with a zeal and consistency inferior to no other Abolitionist."

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN IN VERMONT.—Mr. Brown is now on a lecturing tour in Vermont, on the east side of the Green Mountains. We copy the following notice of his lecture in Newbury, Orange Co., from *The Aurora of the Valley*, of October 13th.

"On Monday evening the friends of the Anti-Slavery movement had the pleasure of listening to some eloquent remarks upon the subject of slavery by Mr. Wm. Wells Brown, formerly a slave; but now one of the most eloquent speakers of the times upon that subject. Mr. Brown has travelled some years in Europe, and is every way a gentleman and seems to have overcome all the debasing effects of slavery, at least in his own person. He held the audience for nearly two hours breathless. His dignity of manner, his propriety of expression were more than we had expected to see in one who had spent the early part of his life as a slave. He was not wanting in wit either, as the frequent laughter of the audience could testify.

"He was followed by another coloured man, also of the name of Brown, who lately escaped from the grasp of slavery. He told his story in a homely way, but effective, as the many tears of the audience showed. Some were inclined to doubt the truth of the narrative; but the joy and happiness expressed by him when speaking of his humble home in Canada could not have been feigned."

A HINT TO JUDGE KANE.—We cut the following paragraph from the *New York* [Sunday] *Courier*.

"It is customary with great potentates and Asiatic tyrants, to commemorate any happy domestic event by liberating State prisoners, and other acts of clemency and mercy. Why should not Judge Kane, the tyrant of Philadelphia, by way of a thank-offering to Providence, for the safe return of his two sons, open the prison doors and let Passmore Williamson go free? The sole crime of Passmore was the wickedness of telling a poor black woman that, by the laws of Pennsylvania, she was entitled to her freedom, and we should say that he had been shut up in a dungeon quite long enough for such an offence as that. If there was any of the spirit remaining in Philadelphia which manifested itself there in July, 1776, Passmore Williamson would not long remain in Moyamensing Prison. But the men who made the Declaration of Independence—Jefferson, Franklin, Adams and Hancock—were not Pennsylvanians."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 595, contains the following articles, viz.: The Autograph Miscellany; Bath of the Streams; Paris Universal Exhibition; First Under Fire; Poetry of Dreams; True History of Cagliostro; A Soldier's Coming Home; The Isthmus of Suez Question; Sydney Smith; The Danubian Principalities; A German Nobleman on Russia; Meyerbeer and his Music; Victoria at Versailles—The Kiss—Queen in Paris; Noctes Ambrosianæ; Lt. Joseph Rene Bellot; A Wife's Story—Part II; Volksmarchen der Serben; Poetry; Short Articles.

Summary.

EMANCIPATED.—Sixteen negroes were recently emancipated by Arthur Allen, of North Carolina. They have gone to Ohio.

EXPENSIVE CHURCH MUSIC.—Several of the churches in Boston, Mass., are said to pay from $1,500 to $2,000 a year for their music, and many other parishes appropriate from $1,000 to $1,500 for the same purpose.

WHAT FASHION DOES.—The umbrella men in New York have been compelled to fit out a dozen whalers for the purpose of getting whalebone enough to keep up their business. The ladies have put the whole stock on hand into their petticoats.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT FOR A BAD MEMORY.—At the last State Fair at Elmira, N. Y., a German exhibited a lock from which, if the wrong key is used, a pistol barrel with great rapidity issues, and the short memory about the key has a sudden termination.

RELIEF OF MRS. BATCHELDER.—The sum of $125, collected by Mr. John Powley of Mobile, toward the relief of the widow of Batchelder, killed at the time of the rendition of Burns, has been received by Mr. Langdon, Mayor of Mobile, and appropriated to the object designated.—*Bost. Tel.*

LYNCH LAW IN TENNESSEE.—Judge Lynch, it appears, has been at work in Tennessee. Last week, on the Cumberland mountain, a slave, who violated a white female, was dragged from jail and hanged on the nearest post, and at Lagrange another met a similar fate, for killing Mr. James, his overseer.

We learn that, at a meeting held on Tuesday evening by the coloured people of Boston, a committee was appointed to guard the community, as far as possible, from the impositions daily practised, especially in regard to pretended fugitive slaves, and to persons seeking funds ostensibly to redeem others from slavery, and other swindling operations.

TURNING THE TABLES.—On Saturday, 29th ult., a hunter discovered a runaway slave in a hollow log, near Portland, Ky., and levelling his double gun ordered him to come out and surrender. The fellow came out promptly, and just as promptly seized the gun of the gallant hunter, with which he made tracks, "for parts unknown."

DR. J. S. ROCK.—This talented coloured man is now prepared to lecture before Lyceums. His lectures last winter, upon "The Races," elicited the highest encomiums from the press and the people. The Middlesex *Journal* says, "his lectures evince a fine education, superior scholarship, and much careful research."—*Boston Telegraph.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.—The Fourierite establishment known as the North American Phalanx, New Jersey, has disbanded, and its real estate has been sold this week, for $56,000, or a little more than $83 per acre. This, with the estimated proceeds of its moveable property, will, it is said, enable them to pay from sixty to seventy per cent. on the stock issued.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The South claims the right to go into the territories with their *property*.

They deny, however, the right of the people of the North to go into the territories with their *opinions*.

Yet we have such old fogies as General Cass prating about "the continued assaults upon the South."

A SPARK OF THE ANGEL LEFT.—It is said that a number of abandoned women in Norfolk, Va., have, since the breaking out of the yellow fever in that city, been most unceasing in their attention to the sick, and have proved the most valuable nurses. They have been the means of saving a number of lives, and, in such angelic labours—for the deeds are heavenly things performed by the former daughters of sin—several of them have died—died at the post of mercy and duty, administering to the victims of the plague.

SUPERSTITION.—One of the superstitions of France is that a fire kindled by lightning cannot be extinguished, and that he who attempts to extinguish it will die within the year. The Mayor of a country village has lately had to argue with his constituents on the subject during the late conflagration of a barn. He could only prevail upon ten men to assist him in pouring on water. The insurance Company interested made a present of five francs to each of these ten for having risen above the prejudices of ignorance and an inadequate education.

The Washington *Star* is pathetic over the case of an old slave woman, who was robbed in the market in that city of fifteen dollars, which she had accumulated by sales of vegetables. This is very well, and it is right to call the robber a scoundrel, &c.; but what about the man who robbed this woman of her earnings during all the long years past, in which she had been growing old? Is it "a pity *he* was not caught and punished on the spot?"—*Detroit Democrat.*

SUICIDE IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.—Miss Clara Haskins was found dead in her bridal dress and chamber near Natchez, Mississippi, on the 2d inst. After being dressed by her bridesmaids, she requested them to retire for a short time, and when they returned they found her lying lifeless upon her couch, with an empty phial, which had contained prussic acid, still clasped in her hand. She had adopted the desperate alternative of self-destruction, rather than marry a man she could not love in obedience to parental authority.

The oldest occupied church in the United States is the Unitarian church, situated in Hingham, Plymouth County, Mass. It was erected one hundred and seventy-three years ago, and was opened for public worship in January, 1762. It has had since then, only four pastors, Rev. John Norton, Rev. Ebenezer Gay, Henry Ware, and Rev. Joseph Richardson, the present pastor, who was settled in 1806, and is now we think, in the 84th year of his age.

NEVER DESPAIR.—Seven years ago, Myron H. Clark kept a one-horse hardware store. In 1849, Myron H. Clark was a deputy sheriff. In 1850, Myron H. Clark was one of the marshals for taking the census of a one-horse village. In 1853, Myron H. Clark was elected Senator. Myron H. Clark is now Governor of New York. Think of Myron H. Clark, and never say die. The man who will be President in 1870, is now, probably, peddling India rubber rat-traps. Again, we repeat, never despair.—*Albany Tribune.*

ESTABLISHING THE CHURCH IN NICARAGUA.—Colonel Kinney has succeeded in carrying out his pious intention, of establishing the Church in Nicaragua. Services were opened at San Juan by a coloured Methodist Episcopal cl

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DUTIES OF THE MINISTER.

[Extract from a recent sermon of Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, of Jersey City.]

The minister is a teacher of pure and undefiled religion. It is his work to make conscious and vital the connection, often forgotten, often loosened, but never broken, between the Heavenly Father and his earthly child. It is his province to awaken man's dormant reverence for the Supreme, to kindle in his soul sentiments of gratitude, trust, joy, aspiration, towards the All-perfect; to make men love God with heart and mind and soul and strength, by loving what is most pure, by seeking what is most true, by thirsting after the most holy, and proposing the best. He is to take away men's fear of God, to strengthen the immortal hopes which point towards Him, to declare his benignity in all the operations of nature and providence, and so to unfold his attributes that it will be impossible to think of them without praise and love.

It is the minister's duty to bring men into glad obedience to the Divine laws, as they are declared in their own nature, the laws that are enacted in man's whole organization, bodily and mental. For man's body also was made by God, every function thereof being planned by a perfect beneficence and regulated by a perfect wisdom. The soul in its every attribute and motion is implicated with the body, so that a healthy frame goes very far towards making a healthy soul. It is to be taught, therefore, by the minister of religion, that indolence, intemperance, licentiousness, vice of all kinds is *sin* as well as folly, that sensuality is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit that makes man's body to be a temple of the Living God.

God has likewise made the human mind for high and immortal uses. He has set before it the objects it should seek; he has appointed the conditions of its normal action; he has vouchsafed to it revelations of truth; he is constantly inspiring it with motives to study them. As the instrument by which man appropriates the thoughts of the Divine mind, the minister is to teach that man's intellect must be sacredly used. He is to warn men against the influences of superstition, prejudice, indifference, idleness. He is to keep such oversight as he can of the state of education, he is to judge popular literature, the newspapers, the journals, that nothing impure, sacrilegious or trifling may steal into man's fickle and easily deluded brain.

God's creature has a heart, too, which is written all over with dictates expressive of its Maker's will. The minister of religion is to show how this heart is to be regulated—how its weakness may be overcome, its passionateness controlled, its low desire suppressed, its better affection stimulated, guided and blessed. He is to endeavour to make good fathers and mothers, good children, good friends, good members of society, good men in all relations.

Then there is the solemn Conscience, that great faculty which apprehends directly the laws of moral equity. Whose province is it to show the purpose of this great endowment, and to keep men true to its purpose, if not the minister's? He must labour to enlighten it—to secure its allegiance to the Divine law—to turn its reverence away from partial enactments and perishing customs, and fix it upon pure rectitude, and to protect it as well as he can from the plausible falsehoods that lie waiting to ensnare it. He must teach them to regard it as *supreme authority*, which is to be obeyed, though the heavens fall.

I need say nothing of the minister's relation to the human soul, for it is on all sides conceded that the interests of the soul are in his keeping. I would only add that its relations to the Infinite are more numerous, and wide and complicated than is commonly allowed, that there are more avenues by which the Holy Spirit may enter into it than the current theology suspects. And that for the salvation of this immortal part, the minister of religion has something more to do than convert men to a belief in Scripture or acceptance of the Orthodox Faith.

And now, consequent on our idea of the Absolute and Perfect God, follows the truth that man is God's child—not his *slave*, not his creature merely, but his *child*—a great Truth, one of the greatest, in all its bearings, that the human mind ever conceived. This truth the preacher of religion is to proclaim, not as a secondary matter, but as all-important, the grand essential Truth next to that of God. To me, no part of the preacher's duty seems so solemn, so *awful*, I may say, as this of unfolding, vindicating, applying this idea, that man, poor, weak, blind, passionate, sensual, wilful, wicked man—man who never does his best, and seems often to exult in doing his worst—man, so easily soured by disappointment, so easily crushed by calamity, so easily seduced by temptation—man, so covetous of the lowest things, so envious, so jealous, so revengeful—man, so lowlived, so foul, so hard of nature—man, toil-worn, beaten, trampled on, enslaved—is *a child of the Infinite*. Yet this is to be accepted as true, this is to be vindicated, this is to be taught with pleading and remonstrance against men's low esteem of themselves, against men's contempt for their fellows; against the arguments of the Atheist, and the sneers of the Cynic, against the dismal facts which confront us in human life, the preacher is to maintain this doctrine—that man is the child of God—loved with all the wise, holy, tender affection of a heavenly Parent. This Truth alone would furnish him with material of thought for a lifetime. For, while it is the very Truth of all others which men should love to meditate and cherish, it is the last they are willing to believe. Stand for an hour in the rushing street of our neighbouring metropolis; watch the crowds that pour along its pavement. Is every individual in that mass of jostling humanity a child of God? See that miserable beggar sitting in the sun, with a lie printed on his breast; see that wretched woman craving sympathy for a living falsehood in her arms; see the greedy trader, with eager face, hurried step, and eyes that seem forever on the watch for hard bargains; see the painted daughter of shame, with mincing step and lightsome air of graceful womanhood; see the wily attorney, spinning his net of deceit as he moves along; see the fop, adorning himself through the medium of his all-sufficient tailor; see the drunkard, the roué, the thief and vagabond: are these the children of God? Yes, we must try to believe so; we must do our best to discover, even in these and in the lowest of these, some dim spark of a better nature; we must learn to detect in them the rudiments of a celestial being; by their very infidelity, we must infer their greatness, and incline ourselves to pity their woes, their ignorance and their sin, as we would pity the sorrows of a fallen angel. We must take hope and comfort from those nobler specimens of humanity which, however much they may transcend these, cannot disclaim fraternity with them.

In upholding this great Truth, it is the minister's evident duty to protest against everything that conflicts with it in thought or practice—every sentiment, doctrine, law, institution or custom that casts insult on humanity. Not only does it become his duty to resist the more grievous evils that afflict mankind—such as slavery, war, intemperance, licentiousness—he is to strive to correct the social usages which oppress particular classes in our community—to remove the prejudices which retard the development of the human powers in any condition—which condemn woman, for instance, to law wages, unhealthy labour, servile occupations or an infamous life.

It is the preacher's office to set forth the holy ends and purposes of all human existence in opposition to those who reckon it a game of chance or a race for spoils. He confronts the politician with principles that are more sacred than party ties, and begs him to remember that the end of government, the end of human law, the end of all state measures, is not to advance the welfare of any class; is not to get individuals into office; is not to protect any one branch of human activity, but is to promote equity and the best good of all. When the politician cries *Expediency*, he must cry *Principle*. When the politician thunders forth the lower law, he must proclaim the Higher.

He is to remind the merchant that his business is no mean trade which may be conducted in a sordid spirit, but a high and holy calling; a sacred profession, which only the largest and purest minds can suitably administer. He is to remind him that he is the servant of God, to whom belong the forests from which the ships are made, the ocean over which they speed, the bountiful products of the earth with which they are freighted; whose messengers are the winds that swell the sails, whose ministers are the glowing flames pent up in his vessel's hold. He is to remind him that he is a *priest of humanity*, that his mission, declared in the very nature of his pursuit, is to bring men together, to make men brothers, to lay down the material basis on which the heavenly kingdom of love is to be built. And when the merchant, covetous of wealth, puts gain before godliness, when, dazzled by the vision of opulence, he overlooks the temporal and eternal welfare of his fellow-men, forgets their poverty, their ignorance, their vice, disregards their inborn rights and denies their claim to liberty and happiness—it is for the minister of religion to repeat the great Master's word, and say, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He is to beg the lawyer never to forget even amid the trials and perplexities of his profession that he is a minister of the Eternal Justice, that his work involves interests above those of his private reputation and wealth; that, as he values his soul, he must not fancy that success in the cause of his client is equivalent to success in the cause of equity; nor must he suffer a veneration for statutes and precedents to take the place of veneration for the clear and unquestionable principles of moral rectitude. And if the representative of absolute law calls in question its existence; if he whose profession is created and authorized by conscience derides its claim to his obedience; if the Judge, forgetting that he is the defender of innocence, turns upon it as an oppressor, then the minister of Christ must set forth the example of his Master and the will of his God. He is to call the attention of the capitalist to the fact, that wealth is a means and not an end, that it is valuable and worth seeking only as it is a powerful instrument for achieving good in society—that to use it tyrannically, therefore, as an instrument of pride, or oppression, is to use it in a way that is inhuman and unholy. In one word, the minister is to interest himself in practical matters and to concern himself with the questions of the day, esteeming secular affairs to be sacred in their design and purport, esteeming sacred affairs to be secular in the interest they possess for all mankind.

It is a great work, that of the gospel preacher, when viewed in this light. It demands great resources, mental and spiritual; greater resources, perhaps, than any one possesses; far greater, I know, than I possess. The minister of religion may well tremble before his responsibility. Indeed, he would never undertake it, did he not believe that his best preparation for its duties was a true heart, a quick conscience, a faithful, devout, humble mind, and that the Holy Spirit will give him these without measure, if he but asks for them.

And the authority with which he speaks, whence has he that? Not from any ecclesiastical council, not from any ordination rites, not from any assumed sacredness of position. His authority is the word that speaks at once to the conscience of all mankind, that has been uttered again and again by prophets and holy men, that has been recorded in sacred books and illustrated by beautiful lives; the word that comes to him likewise in his hour of meditation and prayer. The old Bible is before him, fragrant with sweet, sanctifying thoughts, the musing of saints, the oracles of prophets, the teaching of apostles. Majestic Moses is his instructor, and benignant Christ. And, ever since their day, disciples and martyrs have been swelling the deposit of spiritual thought and power, from which he can draw. God, who made man in his image, has so made him that moral truths are accepted by him at once as authoritative, and he that announces these in a way to reach and stir the conscience of man, speaks with authority, be he layman or clergyman; nor will any question his right to speak.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

From The London Times, September 21.

As a general rule, the biographies of men of science are not interesting to ordinary readers. It is not that their lives are uneventful. We have memoirs of poets, novelists, historians, divines—all teeming with interest, although the incidents which the biographer has to relate are scarcely more important than those which worthy Dr. Primrose thought it beneath him to chronicle, when his family in the vicarage moved from the blue room to the brown room, and back again from the brown room to the blue room. The life of Samuel Johnson was uneventful, and yet his biography is the finest in the language. But we have no memoir of a man of science that has proved of deep and lasting interest, unless we except the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

The fact is, that the more completely a man devotes himself to science, he becomes the less a social being; the less, therefore, a man, and the more a philosophical instrument. And as we do not suppose that memoirs of Babbage's calculating machine would be very entertaining, so neither is the biography of a man whose life has passed into an algebraical formula, and whose thoughts are ever intent upon x—that terrible unknown. "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink or sleep like other men?" well might the Marquis de l'Hopital ask. "I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

Sir David Brewster has just published an elaborate biography of Newton, to show that he is entitled not only to the admiration which the whole world accords him, but also to the love of our hearts. He has done his best to place Sir Isaac in a good light. He has, in short, written two large volumes to illustrate one line written by Pope—

"God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

After a careful perusal of this lengthened panegyric, we are forced to the conclusion that Sir David is a good Christian and a bad biographer; and that if Sir Isaac in his intellect was almost a god, in his heart he was scarcely a man.

Sir David has been engaged on the life of Newton for twenty-five years, and in all that time he has not been able to arrange his materials with a coherence greater than that of an almanac, where we learn that Sir Robert Peel was born four days before Queen Victoria was married, and her majesty was married a couple of days before Lady Jane Grey was beheaded. He suddenly dashes forward twenty years, then back thirty, forward again ten, back two or three, forward a century, and so to and fro, till the bewildered reader gives up in despair the task of following the author's chronology, and is almost content to believe that Sir Isaac was knighted when a schoolboy and that in his last days he turned alchymist.

This fault is fatal to a biographer, and all the scientific attainments, all the lucid exposition, all the brilliant writing of Sir David Brewster cannot retrieve it. Besides which, he writes with a partiality that, while it wins our affection for his goodness, destroys our respect for his opinion. It is right to speak with reverence of the dead; let the memory of Newton be sacred; but so also should the memories of Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed, at whose expense Sir David Brewster has exalted Newton. We are quite sure that the author is not aware how much he has been influenced by partiality, and we shall therefore give a single example of his special pleading in favour of Sir Isaac. It was reported that Newton had called Sir Hans Sloane, the secretary of the Royal Society, "a tricking fellow" and "villain." It does not much matter whether the report was true or false, only Sir David imagines that there were no such terms in Newton's vocabulary. "When he was irritated at the conduct of Flamsteed, he *could not command a harsher term* than that of *puppy*.—See p. 239."

We turn to page 239, and read Flamsteed's account of the affair. "He called me many hard names; *puppy was the most innocent of them*." And why should Sir David go thus out of his way to show that Newton could not use a hard word? We, indeed, doubt very much whether he ever called Sir Hans Sloane "a tricking fellow" and "a villain"; but we do not think that the man who, when a schoolboy, fought his companion in the churchyard, and rubbed his nose against the wall; who told Flamsteed to hold his tongue, and called him a puppy, and who addressed some Fellows of St. John's when he saw them examining a haunted house, "Oh, ye fools!" was incapable, as Sir David supposes, of employing such terms. Of what avail is all this veneering? It only defeats its purpose. Excessive praise always results in excessive depreciation. This has happened once already in the case of Newton. His partisans in the Royal Society had lauded his intellect so vehemently, and his claims over foreigners so unfairly, that, as a natural consequence, the foreigners took advantage of a moment of weakness and pronounced him mad.

The elaborate life of Newton, contributed by M. Biot to the *Biographie, Universelle* is written throughout on the assumption that from his 45th year, when the little dog "Diamond" is said to have upset the candle and burnt his papers, to the day of his death, his mighty intellect was obscured. Sir David has satisfactorily disproved the insanity of Newton, but he need not wonder if the idolatry of which he sets the example should call forth imputations equally injurious. Why should not the truth be spoken about Newton? With all our veneration for his name we have no sympathy with those who think they honour him by denying his faults, and who seem to us to be guilty of the folly of those divines who explain away the falsehood of one Scripture saint, and out and out defend another for cheating his father and robbing his brother.

*Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster, K. H. In two vols. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

The common idea of Newton is very vague. In writing to the earliest of his biographers, Pope expressed a desire to have some "memoirs and character of him as a private man." The desire might still be expressed. We have no intimacy with Newton. Few persons, if asked to describe the character of the man, could say more than this—that he was exceedingly absent, and that he was imperturbable almost to insipidity, perhaps quoting as an illustration of the latter characteristic the apocryphal story of the philosopher and his little dog "Diamond." This is not saying much, and yet the half of it is incorrect. The contemporaries of Newton describe him as anything but imperturbable on certain occasions. Locke declared that he was a "nice man to deal with," but "a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground." Flamsteed always "found him insidious, ambitious, and excessively covetous of praise and impatient of contradiction."

Whiston describes him as equally impatient, and of the most fearful, cautious and suspicious temper that ever he knew. D'Alembert gives the French idea of him when he says: "In England people were content with Newton's being the greatest genius of his age; in France one would have also wished him to be amiable." If Newton was really unamiable, it was chiefly a negative unamiability. He was unsocial, he was reserved, he was absent, he was silent; in the course of five years, his secretary, Humphrey Newton, never saw him laugh but once, and that once it is impossible to comprehend why; worst of all to a Frenchman, he had none of the graces—could not, like Fontenelle, begin a treatise on astronomy by saluting a lady and comparing the beauty of day to a blonde, and the beauty of night to a brunette. The only qualities in Newton that were positively unamiable were his suspicious temper and his impatience of contradiction. All else was negative. His goodness even was negative, with the exception of his piety and his veracity. He was good because he was passionless; and he was not loveable, because he was void of emotion.

Bishop Burnet says that Newton had the *whitest* soul he ever knew. We can well believe it so. Newton was utterly unworldly, and the unworldliness of the man who was content to pace about his chamber and his trim little garden from morning to night, save when he turned out for half an hour to see if anybody would listen to him as Lucasian Professor, must have rather astonished the bustling, courtly Scotch Bishop. Then he was pure as a child; his neice tells us that he broke an acquaintance of the greatest intimacy with Vigani because the Italian chemist told him some loose story of a nun. Bishop Burnet's remark, however, is true in a much more stringent sense than this—in a much more stringent sense than, perhaps, he ever contemplated. Newton had the whitest soul he ever knew, simply because his emotional nature was the sheet of white paper which the metaphysicians of that period were continually talking about.

Sir David Brewster has done his best to prove the contrary. He even fancies that he has discovered Sir Isaac in love. Sir Isaac in love!—it is incredible—it is impossible. Fancy the sedate Lucasian Professor addressing Lady Norris like one of those fops called "pretty fellows," whom Steele shortly afterwards satirized in the *Tatler*. "Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually?" he writes. "Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies"—that is the question, and that is the style of courtship which Sir David, with his eyes open and all his brilliant optical reputation, attributes to a philosopher whose soul was fixed on one idea—the increase of gravity inversely as the square of the distance. Sir Isaac, we make bold to say, never had a thought of love.

In comparision with Newton, Uncle Toby's behaviour to the Widow Wadman was the extreme of gallantry and licentiousness. It must be remembered that Newton was a god, and Alexander the Great used to say that two—he might have said three—things reminded him that he was a mortal, and not a god—love, sleep and food. These three things proved the divinity of Sir Isaac, for he never spent a thought on love, took very little sleep, and as for his dinner, he never cared for it and often never ate it. "He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber," says Humphrey Newton, "which made well for the old woman, his bedmaker, she faring much the better for it, for in a morning she had sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with."

While speaking of food, we may mention, in passing, as a set-off to the negations of Newton's animal and emotional nature, his one physical enjoyment. He liked fruit, and could eat any quantity of it. As a boy, we find him in his account books spending his money on cherries, tarts and marmalade. This latter taste seems to have grown with him, for he was always very fond of a small roasted quince for supper. He was as fond of orange peel as Dr. Johnson, and used to take it boiled in water for his breakfast, instead of tea. Apples, too, appear to have been a favourite fruit of his; one of his letters exhibits him longing after cider, and making great endeavours to secure some grafts of the genuine "red streaks." Perhaps it was one of those favoured "red streaks" that falling from the tree suggested the system of the world—the universality of the law of gravitation.

Other enjoyments Newton had none which which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials and water-clocks and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Gordon stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton, in his 16th year, was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the differential calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads and the expedition of the Argonauts.

With such pleasures it will not be surprising that we return to negation, and say that his æsthetical nature was utterly blank. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which, according to the interpretation suggested by Sir David Brewster, implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt."

As we look further into Newton's character we find everywhere the same absence of colour, the same whiteness that Bishop Burnet observed. One curious specimen of it is presented in a letter of advice to his young friend, Francis Aston, who was about to set out on his travels.

"If you bee affronted," wrote the philosopher, "it is better *in a forraine country* to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonour, than to endeavour revenge; for in the first place your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrell. But, in the second case, you may beare the marks of the quarrell while you live, if you outlive it at all." Here is a lily liver with a vengeance—dissuading his young friend from a quarrel on the ground, not of high Christian principle, but of unmanly fear. If the truth must be spoken, Newton was a coward. It is the most amazing thing to read how frightened he was to face the public. He could never bear publicity. This was partly the result of a timid disposition which made him shrink from criticism, but partly also it was the work of self-absorbed and unsociable nature that was all in all to itself, and felt no need of human sympathy. When, shortly after writing the above letter to Francis Aston, he was asked for permission to publish one of his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, he gave his consent, on condition that his name should be withheld.

"For I see not," he writes, "what there is desirable in public esteem, were I able to acquire it and maintain it. It would, perhaps, increase my acquaintance—the thing which I chiefly study to decline." This appalling self-absorption is without a parallel in the history of the human mind. After having been embroiled in a trifling optical discussion with a Dutch physician of the name of Linus, he writes as follows to one of his friends: "I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get free of Mr. Linus's business I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction or leave to come out after me." That sentence represents Sir Isaac to the life. All his pursuits were for his own private satisfaction; he shunned mankind; and there is not one of his discoveries that would ever have been published if it had not been dragged into the light by his friends, while he looked on, fretting and muttering at the intrusion. Of him it may be said with truth, what was never truly said of Milton, "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Dwelling thus apart, and viewing with singular apathy all that men most prize in public esteem and private sympathy, it was natural that Newton should look with stoical contempt on all the objects of human ambition. Love he needed not; honour he sought not; above all things he despised wealth. Master of the Mint, money had no charms for him. Speaking of metal, for his reflecting telescope, was to him the most precious of metals. The bursting of a soap bubble, when pursuing his experiments on colour, gave him more concern than the loss of £20,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. His indifference was extended to his latest biographer, who has not condescended to hint at the loss. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens and a prism than of all the ingots at the Mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror.

What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublunary pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and red streaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits he had his pocket picked of more than £3,000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied, "Too much." He was so far imposed upon that he paid £4,000 for an estate in Wiltshire worth only half of that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity, and he declined the trouble. "I have seen," says honest Humphrey Newton—"I have seen a small pasteboard box in his study set against the open window, no less, as one might suppose, than 1,000 guineas in it, crowded edge-ways; whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him."

It was certainly carelessness; but poor Humphrey (how vividly he remembers it all!) felt sorely tempted when he saw, "as one might suppose"—for he was too honest to count them—"no less than 1,000 guineas" "crowded edgeways," and it was a help to his fidelity to believe that the trial was intended by his master—his master, to whom, when at the head of the Mint, a Duchess all in vain offered a bribe of £6,000. At one period of his life Sir Isaac gave some study to alchymy, and we might suppose, from one of the sentences in the letter to Francis Aston from which we have already quoted, that he had thought of transmutation as a means of money-making. He recommends his young friend to inquire on the continent about transmutations, these "being the most luciferous, and many times *luciferous* experiments, too, in philosophy."

This letter, however, it must be remembered, was written not long before his circumstances were such as to give him some anxiety, and he was glad to escape his weekly payments as a member of the Royal Society. If ever he thought of money-making, it was only to pay his frugal buttery book and buy putty for his lenses and oranges for his sister. He gave away his money without concern; he was even offensive in his liberality, and quarrelled with persons who refused his purse. Think of Sir Isaac taking a handful of guineas at random out of his pocket and offering it as a fee to a physician like Cheselden!

We have not said anything of the controversies which brought Newton into contact with his fellow-men, and put his manliness to the test; and we must leave it to others to adjust all the microscopic details of authorship and copyright which these controversies involve. But it is impossible to pass without reprehension the unfairness with which Newton treated his opponents Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed. It is a just retribution that Newton's corpuscular theory of light has succumbed before the undulatory theory defended by Huygens and Hooke; that his law of double refraction has been displaced by that of Huygens; that his theory of the inflexion of light has been forgotten for Hooke's; and that his method of fluxions, which raised the greatest din of all, has been supplanted by the differential calculus of Leibnitz. For one thing in these controversies we may be proud of Newton. His jealousy was absurd, all generosity was forgotten; but he never descended to the atrocious frauds which disgraced his opponents Bernoulli, Leibnitz and Wolf.

Such was Newton as a man. Glorious in his intellect, with a piety rather intellectual than devotional, he was a stoic without the merit of a stoic, for he had no feelings to contend with. It is very saddening to find that the two most splendid names which science can boast of belongs to men so deficient in their moral natures as Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton. In the former we find a positive moral obliquity, which would awaken pity were it not joined to so majestic an intellect that it excites terror and despair of human nature. In the latter we find simply a vacuum—iron intellect on every side surrounding and maintaining the tremendous gap within. We have no desire to moralize on the fact. We have simply endeavoured to give a faithful representation of Newton's character, believing that no possible good can result from the fulsome flatteries which are heaped on his name. When the contemporaries of Newton hailed him as a god, they declared, in very brilliant phrase, that he was not a man.

THE URSINUS.

There are few subjects that present to the psychologist more curious traits, and more subtle enigmas than lady poisoners. The character is so opposed to all our ideas of feminine feeling and affection that, except under circumstances of extreme excitement, resentment of slighted attachment, blind jealousy, or revenge of injured honour, its existence would seem hardly possible. If we search for motives, we find them to be generally of the most selfish and grovelling kind. They are, commonly, to put out of the way some or all of the people around who have money to leave. Other base passions come into play, but Mammon, the basest spirit that fell, is generally at the bottom of their career. It is amazing the variety and amiability of character that is worn for years, to cover the foul fiend within. For long periods these female vampyres live in the heart of a family circle, wearing the most life-like marks of goodness and kindness, of personal attraction and spiritual gifts; caressed, feted, honoured as the very pride of their sex, while they are all the time calculating on the lives and the purses of those nearest, and who should be dearest, to them.

Some of these modern Medeas have played the part of the fashionable, or the æsthetic; some, of the domestically amiable; some, of the devoted attendant on the sick and the suffering. Heaven defend us from such devotion! May no such tigress smooth our pillow; smile blandly on us in our pains which she cannot take away, though she has the satisfaction of knowing that they will take us away; and mix with taper fingers the opiate of our repose! Amid the most stealthy-footed and domestically benign of this feline race, were the Widow Zwanziger, and Mrs. Gottfried, of Germany. They were amongst the most successful, though not the most distinguished, in this art of poisoning. They went on their way, slaying all around them, for years upon years, and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected, though death was but another name for their shadows. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning, and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path.

The Widow Zwanziger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her soups and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministration was sought by people of much higher rank than her own; she was so warm a friend that she was a friend unto death, and one attached soul after another breathed their last in her arms. Husband after husband departed, and still her hand was sought, and still it practised its cunning. At length, in her four-and-fiftieth year she was detected, and arrested. In prison, she walked amid the apparitions of all victims, wept tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written; so that, having lost everything else, she might yet enjoy her fame.

All women of this class have had an extraordinary degree of vanity—and, what is more, they have had a perfect passion for their art. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was an enthusiast in the composition of the rarest poisons, of which her accomplice, Sainte-Croix, was so eminent a compounder. The admiration of her beauty, the distinctions of her rank, afforded her but a feeble satisfaction in comparison with that of watching the operation of some subtly lethal essence. She certainly was not the mere marchioness, but the princess of poisoners; and yet it remained for Madame Ursinus to give additional touches of perfection to this peculiar character. She was at once a lady of fashion, a pietist, a writer of useful tracts, a poetess, and a poisoner. Through all the dangers of these various careers, she lived to the good old age of seventy-six, and died—lamented! Brinvilliers, Zwanziger, and Gottfried confessed that they were conquered by their crimes; but Madame Ursinus, branded in public opinion, continued to defy it, and conquered even that; and to the very last gasp persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more, without confession, remorse, or penitence, she strove in her own way, and with no trifling success, to achieve the reputation of a saint. Surely it is worth while to dig up from the rubbish-heap of the Prussian criminal court, a few fragments of the history of such a woman.

The widow of Privy-councillor Ursinus lived honoured and courted in the highest circles of Berlin. Her rank, and the reputation of her husband, whom she had lost but a few years, her handsome fortune, her noble figure, and impressive features, together with her spirit and her accomplishments, made her a centre of attraction in the society of the time. She lived in a splendid house, and her establishment, in all its appointments, was perfect. We may imagine the sensation created by the news of her arrest.

Madame Ursinus was seated in the midst of a brilliant company on the evening of the fifth of March, eighteen hundred and three, at the card-table, when a servant, with all the signs of terror in his face, entered, and informed her that the hall and ante-room were occupied by police, who insisted on seeing her. Madame Ursinus betrayed no surprise or emotion. She put down her cards, begged the party with whom she was engaged at play to excuse the interruption, observing that it was some mistake, and that she would be back in a moment.

She went, but did not return. After waiting some time, her partners inquired after her, and learned, to their consternation, that she was arrested and carried off to prison, on a charge of poisoning.

A confidential servant, Benjamin Klein, had complained, in the preceding month of February, of indisposition. She gave him a basin of beef-tea, and, some days afterwards, some medicine in raisins. This, so far from removing his complaint, increased it; and when his mistress, a few days afterwards, offered him some boiled rice, he said he could not eat it, and was much struck by observing that she carefully put it away where no one else could get it. This excited in his mind strong suspicion that there was something in the food which was detrimental to health, and associated with his condition. He resolved secretly to examine his mistress's room and cabinet, and in the latter he found a small parcel, with the ominous label—Arsenic.

The next day his attentive mistress brought him some stewed prunes, which she recommended as likely to do him good; and this time he accepted them with apparent thankfulness, but took care that none of them should enter his mouth. He communicated his suspicions to the lady's maid, in whom he had confidence; and she quickly carried off the prunes to her brother, who was the apprentice of a celebrated apothecary. The apprentice communicated the prunes and the suspicion to his master, who tested them, and found them well seasoned with arsenic. The apothecary very soon conveyed the discovery to the magistrate, and the magistrate, after hearing the statement of the servant and the lady's maid, arrested the great lady.

People, of course, now began to look back on the life of this distinguished woman; and it was presently remembered that her husband and an aunt, to whose last days she had paid assiduous attention, and whose wealth had fallen to her, had gone off suddenly. Madame Ursinus was at once set down as a second Brinvilliers, and wonderful revelations were expected. The general appetite for the marvellous became ravenous and insatiable. There appeared almost immediately—it is wonderful how quickly such things are done—a book, by M. Frederick Buchholz, entitled the "Confessions of a Female Poisoner, written by herself," which was rapidly bought up and devoured, as the veritable confession of the Ursinus.

But, alas for the hungering and thirsting public, Madame Ursinus was not a lady of the confessing sort! She was a clever, far-seeing soul, who had laid her grand plans well, and had allowed no witnesses, and feared no detection. True, if she had poisoned her husband and her aunt, the witness of the poison itself might be forthcoming; but chemical tests for poisons were not then so well known as they are now. The bodies were disinterred and examined, and no trace of poison was found. The state of the stomach and intestines were most suspicious; but the doctors disagreed as to the cause, as doctors will and so far Madame Ursinus was safe.

But, there was no getting over the fact that the prunes intended for the cautious Benjamin Klein had arsenic in them; and the Ursinus was too shrewd to attempt to deny it. On this point she did confess, promptly, frankly and fully. But, then, she meant no harm, at least against him. She had no intention of murdering the man. What good could that do her?—he had no money to leave. No; her motive was very different. In early life her affections had been thwarted through the usual obduracy of parents; she had married a man whom she highly esteemed, but did not love; another friend, whom she did love, had died of consumption; and she was disgusted with life. The splendour and gaiety which surrounded her were a hollow splendour, a wearisome gaiety. She had been prosperous, but that prosperity had only accelerated her present mood. She had outlived the relish of existence, and had resolved to die. Ignorant, however, poor innocent soul! of the force of this poison, she wanted to learn how much would be sufficient for its object; and therefore she had done as young doctors are said to do in hospitals—made a few experiments on her patient, the unfortunate Benjamin Klein. She had given him the very minutest quantity, so as to be quite safe, and had cautiously increased the successive doses—not with the least intention to do him any permanent harm, but to ascertain the effectual dose for herself. She would not for her life have hurt the man. In society she had been noted for her sensibility—for the almost morbid delicacy of her nerves and the acuteness of her sympathies. That was all. As to the charges of having administered poison to her nearest connections, she treated the calumny with the utmost indignation. The judges were puzzled; the Ursinus was resolute in the protestation of her innocence; and the public were at a disagreeable nonplus.

And what really had been the life and character of the Ursinus? Sophia Charlotte Elizabeth Weingarten was the daughter of a so-called Baron Weingarten—who, as secretary of legation in Austria, had, under a charge of high treason, crossed to Prussia, and assumed the name of Weiss. Fräulein Weingarten, or Von Weiss, was born in seventeen hundred and sixty. While residing in her teens with an elder married sister, wife of the Councillor of State Haacke, at Spandau, occurred that genuine love affair which her parents so summarily trampled upon. She was called home to Stendal, and, in her nineteenth year, married to Privy-Councillor Ursinus. The privy-councillor was a man of high standing, high character, and most exemplary life; but, unluckily, all these gifts and graces are often conferred upon or acquired by men who do not possess the other qualities that young ladies of nineteen admire. The worthy councillor was old, sickly, deaf and passionless. In fact, he was a dull, commonplace, diligent, unimaginative pack-horse and official plodder; most meritorious in his motives, and great in his department of public business; but just the last man for a lively handsome girl of nineteen. On the other hand, he had his good qualities, even as a husband. He had no jealousies, and the most unbounded indulgence.

Soon after their marriage they removed to Berlin, where, amid the gay society of the capital, Madame Ursinus soon contracted a warm friendship for a handsome young Dutch officer, of the name of Rogay. Rogay, in fact, was the man of her heart. She declared, with her usual candour, in one of her examinations before the magistrates, that she was made for domestic affection. That as there was no domestic affection between herself and her departed husband, neither he nor she pretended any. They agreed to consider themselves as a legal couple, and as friends, and no more. As to Captain Rogay, she made no secret of it that she clung to him with the most ardent feeling of love.

This attachment, the privy-councillor—the most reasonable of men—so far from resenting, encouraged and approved. He wished his wife to make herself happy, and enjoy life in her own way; and there is a long letter preserved in the criminal records, which he himself wrote at her dictation, to the beloved Rogay, on an occasion when he had absented himself for some time, urging him to renew his visits, and that in the most love-like terms, the tenderest of which the old man underlined with his own hand.

But Rogay came not; he removed to another place, and there, soon after, died. Here was now another subject of suspicion. Rogay had cause, said people, to keep away; while she fawned on him, she had killed him. But here, again, the testimony of two of the most celebrated physicians of the day was unanimous that the cause of Rogay's death was consumption and nothing more. The physician attested that he had attended Rogay while he was living and suffering under the roof of Privy-Councillor Ursinus; that Madame Ursinus displayed the most unequivocal affection for him; that she attended on him, gave him everything with her own hand, and that no wife could have been more assiduously tender of him than she was. She called herself Lotte in her communications with him; not only because her name was Charlotte, but because she was an enthusiast of the Werter school, and loved to be of the same name as Werter's idol. But yet Rogay withdrew himself and died alone, and at a distance.

Three years after the decease of Rogay died Ursinus himself. Old he was, it is true, but he was in perfect health. The kind wife made him a little festival on his birthday, and in the night he sickened and died. He had taken something that disagreed with him—but what so common at a feast? Madame Ursinus sate up with him alone; she called not a single creature; she hoped he would be better; but the man was aged and weak, and he went his way.

The year after, followed as suddenly her maiden aunt, the wealthy Miss Witte. One evening her doctor left her quite well, and in the night she sickened and died. The Ursinus was quite alone with her, called no single domestic, but let the good lady die in her arms. Both the bodies of the husband and the aunt, now Klein's affair took place, were disinterred and examined. There was no poison traceable, but the corpses were found dried together as if baked, or as if they were mummies of a thousand years old. The skin of the abdomen was so tough that it resisted the surgeon's knife, and the soft parts of the body had assumed the appearance of hard tallow. The hands, fingers and feet of the old man were drawn together as by spasms, his skin resembled parchment, and the stomachs of both bore every trace of injury and inflammation which had reduced them to an inseparable mass. Yet, the eminent doctors declared that poison was not the cause of death in either case—but apoplexy or—in short, that there was not the remotest symptoms of poison.

So, instead of the pleasure-loving multitude obtaining a spectacle and a fate, the whirling sword of the executioner and the falling head were exchanged for perpetual imprisonment, and the handsome, wealthy widow of forty was sent to spend the remainder of her days in the fortress of Glatz.

Here she assumed a new character. Her part of the interesting woman of fashion was played out; she had become interesting beyond her wish, and fate had now assigned her another part—to defend her life and reputation. There was a call to develope her powers of fortitude and of intellect, and she embraced it; not only before the tribunal of justice